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NEW STATESMAN

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Why Russia fears Islam

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NEW STATESMAN
Volume 99 25 January 1980 No 2549

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NOTES

Time for a new contempt law

Bruce Page writes: The Attorney-General has decided not to appeal against the judgment in which the Divisional Court threw out his application to have the NEW STATESMAN found guilty of contempt of court because it printed an interview with a member of the jury in the Thorpe case. The Lord Chief Justice said that the NS was entitled to costs, and a bill is now being prepared.

Another sort of Bill is now in question: a Parliamentary one, to reform the law of contempt. Last November, the AG suggested that he would introduce a measure during the New Year, and the government is certainly under some obligation, because the European Court ruled during the hearing of the *Sunday Times* Thalidomide case that the present English law contravenes the European Declaration of Human Rights. One of the conditions under which that case was settled – the *Sunday Times* was given liberty to publish its long-suppressed story – was that the British government should put its legal house in order.

Parliamentary lobbying will now be required to ensure that the official draftspeople do not impose an illiberal item of legislation. Reasonably enough, Lord Widgery made it clear that the legal establishment will want to see some protection for the confidentiality and decorum of jury-room proceedings: it would be appalling if every juror in a striking case were to be pursued by tabloid newspapers bearing cheque-books in their hands. At the same time, one of the main implications of his judgment – that a juror who raises, without impropriety, matters of public interest relating to a decided case may escape the penalties of contempt – clearly needs to be incorporated in litigation.

In the reporting of criminal affairs, there is an important point to be safeguarded. The English law is that the media must remain silent if they have reason to think that criminal charges may be 'imminent' – a term of great, and dangerous vagueness. Although the Scottish contempt law is generally more repressive, the High Court of Judiciary has eliminated 'imminence' north of the border, and declared that the starting-point for contempt is the moment of arrest, or the granting of an arrest-warrant. That sounds a more reasonable basis for legislation which the AG says will be designed to 'resolve . . . uncertainty'.

Why Japan fears Paul McCartney

Donald Kirk writes from Tokyo: Not until a foreigner is arrested for the first time in Japan is he or she likely to be aware of the draconian system of justice that enforces traditional guilt feelings in a society based on law, order – and shame. 'They held me for eighteen days, kept the lights on all the time and fed me bread and water', said one foreigner, whose jilted girlfriend had told police he had a stash of marijuana in his flat. Released after police concluded they had no case against him, the foreigner made one small resolution: 'If I see anyone so much as take out a joint at a party, I leave. If anyone said I'd taken a puff, I'd be deported.'

Stories of police raids on discotheques, fashion studios and private homes are rife in the entertainment and music world amid rising concern about the evils of drugs of any kind in a culture that has resisted their influence for centuries. The authorities could hardly have found a better way to show they really mean it than to discover eight ounces of marijuana in Paul McCartney's luggage while he was passing through customs at Japan's new international airport at Narita. 'Why should we treat him any differently?' asked a detective with the narcotics branch of the Ministry of Health and Welfare. 'Of course he will be charged with both possession and smuggling' – the former good for maximum of five years, the latter for seven.

A significant indication of the cohesive nature of this society was the decision of the sponsors of what was to have been an 11-concert tour to cancel all McCartney's performances within hours of his arrest. It seemed a harsh judgment to McCartney's tour organiser, Harvey Goldsmith, who still entertained hopes of perhaps a charity concert or two, but it was altogether in keeping with the way the forces of this culture respond, especially in cases involving foreigners. The state-owned broadcasting company, MHN, reaffirmed the system by banning all McCartney records from its programmes.

The question, though, is whether in the end the McCartney case will reinforce government policy or undermine it. The spectacle of the omnipresent teenyboppers shouting 'Po-Ru', 'Po-Ru', 'Po-Ru' – the only way the Japanese can pronounce his first name – as a court granted a prosecutor permission to hold him for another ten days of questioning, signified his possible emergence as a cult hero. 'He is winning sympathy for our cause', said Moh Akutagawa, who has waged a one-man campaign for legalising pot since his arrest in August 1977 for growing marijuana in his backyard. Akutagawa has dramatised his own case through a prolonged series of hearings in which he and his lawyers have questioned leading professors and scientists on the evolution of marijuana in Japanese society. The McCartney case, he believes, could popularise a crusade that so far has few real sympathisers beyond the glossy world of entertainers, models, artists and designers; and Akutagawa would thus like nothing better than a prolonged trial for 'Po-Ru'. 'They would convict him and deport him,' he said, 'but it would turn our Japanese "consensus" against the authorities, and that's what they fear the most.'

NHS: Tories go shooting in the dark

Nick Davidson writes: Dr Gerard Vaughan, Minister of Health, proudly told last year's Tory party conference that the government's proposals for re-organising the National Health Service would save £30 million from the NHS's budget. This figure was reaffirmed in a written Parliamentary answer in November and was then written into *Patients First*, a consultative document issued last month which outlined the Tories' plan for NHS reorganisation. The government proposes to eliminate Area Health Authorities, which are the middle tier of the present three-tier structure, and to introduce a simplified two-tier system of Regional Health Authorities and new, beefed up, district authorities, covering roughly the same geographical areas as local government.

Where does this figure of £30 million come from? According to Don Wise, treasurer for Manchester Area Health Authority and secretary of the Association of Health Service Treasurers, the savings are unlikely to be anywhere near £30 million. Surprisingly enough, the DHSS itself more or less confirms that the figure has been plucked out of thin air. 'It's a target figure which ministers believe to be a realistic figure,' said a DHSS spokesperson this week, 'but what will be saved in what areas can't be known.' But surely ministers have a rough idea of what the costings are? 'It's a target figure which has no breakdown. Ministers simply wish to see it achieved.'

Last October, after Dr Vaughan had announced the £30 million figure, and only weeks before the publication of *Patients First*, the DHSS held a private seminar with the chairmen of Regional Health Authorities at which it asked: 'How should change (of the NHS administration) be effected without adding unreasonably to costs – indeed with a *reduction* in the costs of managing the NHS?' (Emphasis in original.) In other words the Department itself appears to have had no clear figure in mind and seems even to have had some doubts whether any saving could be made from reorganisation.

The same confidential memorandum toyed, how-

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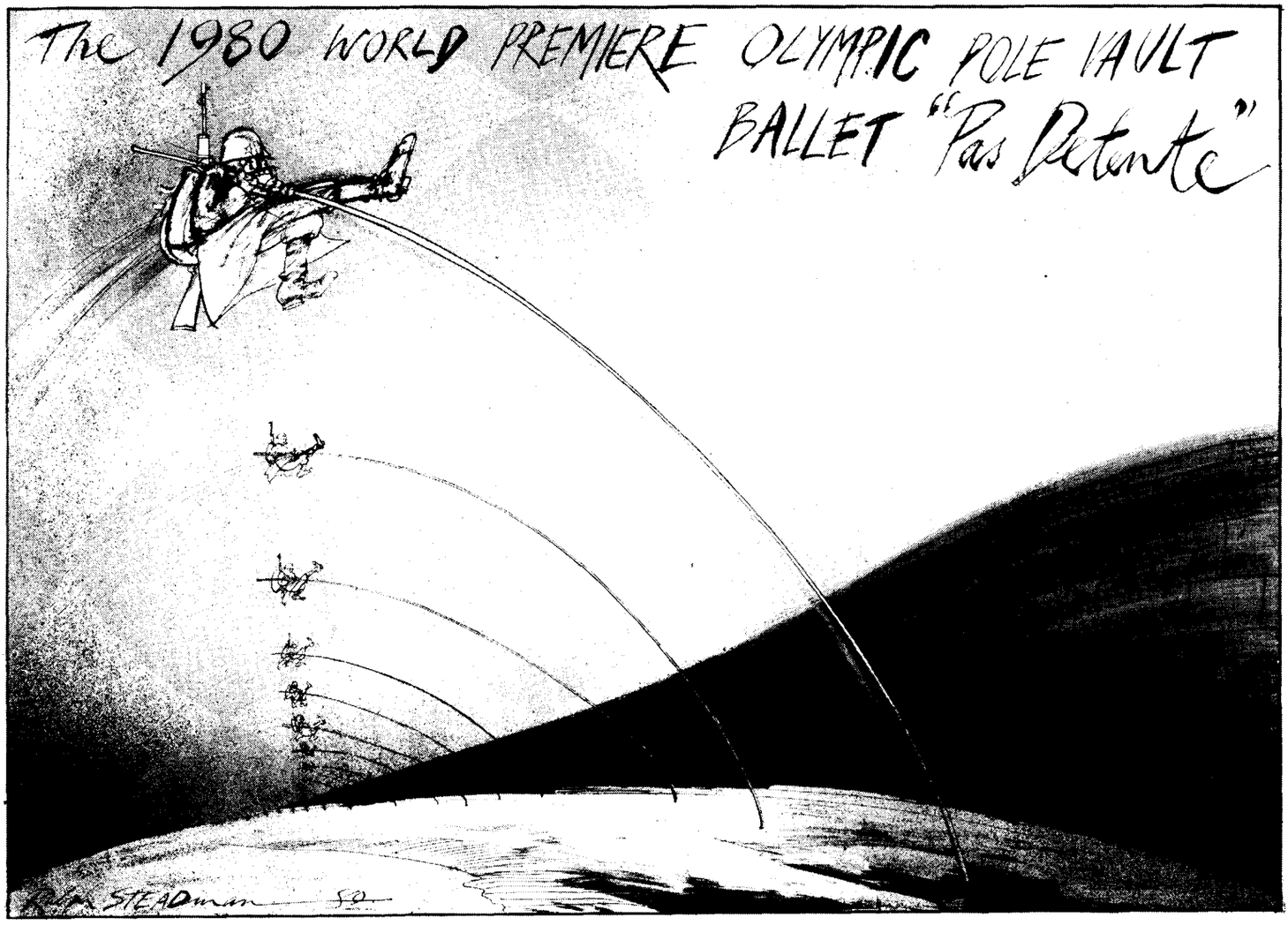

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ever, with a straightforward cut in NHS administrative costs. It proposed: 'The NHS might contain costs by using the tested technique of management cost control; e.g. a ceiling on management costs for each region might be set at 85 to 90 per cent of the current target figure.' This, of course, has nothing to do with savings from reorganisation and suggests that as late as October last year the DHSS had no intention or expectation of reaching the £30 million figure through reorganisation.

There is further evidence to suggest that in their search for waste and inefficiency Dr Vaughan and his boss, Social Services Secretary Patrick Jenkin, have been guilty of some misrepresentation. They have recently been lauding the virtues of 'a small hospital in Beckenham' where staff set up a savings committee and discovered that they could 'make savings by cutting out waste sufficient to allow them to keep (a) ward open.' (Patrick Jenkin in the House of Commons.) This is a reference to Beckenham Hospital where the staff have indeed set up what they call a savings committee to look at areas of potential waste. But they have been slightly embarrassed by the ministers' references to them. To date they have *not* saved a ward from closure; in fact they don't know yet whether they'll save anything at all. As far as administrators at the hospital are concerned it is a purely experimental exercise that may at best produce only small returns. There may well be wastage in the NHS, but the government doesn't inspire much confidence that they are going to be successful in rooting it out.

The CRE's little list

Howard Sharron writes: The Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) has applied financial sanctions against another dissident Community Relations Council – and as a result has been accused of operating a blacklist. Wolverhampton CRC, the second largest in the West Midlands, has been told that the CRE will veto their appointment of John Mastrantone as senior officer by refusing to pay the salary for the post. No reasons for the decision have been given, but as a further punishment for defying previous CRE warnings not to employ Mr Mastrantone, or even to consider him for the job, all CRE-funded posts at Wolverhampton will be discontinued when present staff leave, unless a different candidate is selected.

The veto is widely believed to be politically motivated. Mr Mastrantone, presently the community relations officer at Walsall, was at the centre of a recent storm when the CRE threatened to withdraw finance from his council after he had stated in his annual report that Tory immigration policy was racialist and was causing deep concern among immigrants.

This latest episode began when the CRE twice informally suggested to Lance Dunkley, chairman of Wolverhampton CRE, that two of the candidates who had replied to an internal advertisement for the job, especially Mr Mastrantone, were unsuitable. 'On the second occasion,' said Mr Dunkley, 'the regional representative of the Commission, Mrs Taj Hasnain, told me that Mastrantone should be struck off the short-list and that under no circumstances would the CRE sit in on his interview. She gave no reasons but said that although Mastrantone was a good worker the Commission didn't want him. She indicated that there was some sort of file on Mastrantone in London.'

The interviewing panel of Wolverhampton CRC decided that without proper reasons it would be unfair to disqualify Mastrantone and, despite threatening letters from the Commission on 10 and 21 December, voted 4-3 in favour of his appointment. When this was endorsed by the full council executive the Commission, with high drama, sent a telegram confirming withdrawal of funds.

Tim Whitfield, chairman of the ASTMS community relations group, says: 'We now know of three officers who are blacklisted and can't get promotion. They could all be characterised as people who tend to rock the boat. It is ridiculous that a body which is committed to racial equality should resort to such underhand and oppressive measures.'

David Lane, chairman of the CRE, declined to comment on the issue except to deny the existence of any secret files. A similar denial was given by Charles Boxer, Director of the Community Affairs and Liaison section, who added, concerning the veto on Mr Mastrantone: 'The Commission does have the right to make this particular decision and we informed Wolverhampton from the beginning of our attitude.' Mr Boxer said that the CRE was not prepared to give its reasons for the decision: 'It would be improper and unfair to the candidate concerned if our reasons were made public.' So Mr Mastrantone, even though he now has very bleak career prospects, can rest assured that the Commission for Racial Equality has his best interests at heart.

Will Russia stop its human exports?

Denis MacShane writes from Geneva: Another potential victim of the rapidly freezing relationships between the Soviet Union and the West could be the flow of emigrants allowed to leave Russia, which last year reached record heights. According to figures just released in Geneva by the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM), 54,280 people were allowed to leave the Soviet Union in 1979, compared with 29,000 in 1978 and 16,000 in 1977.

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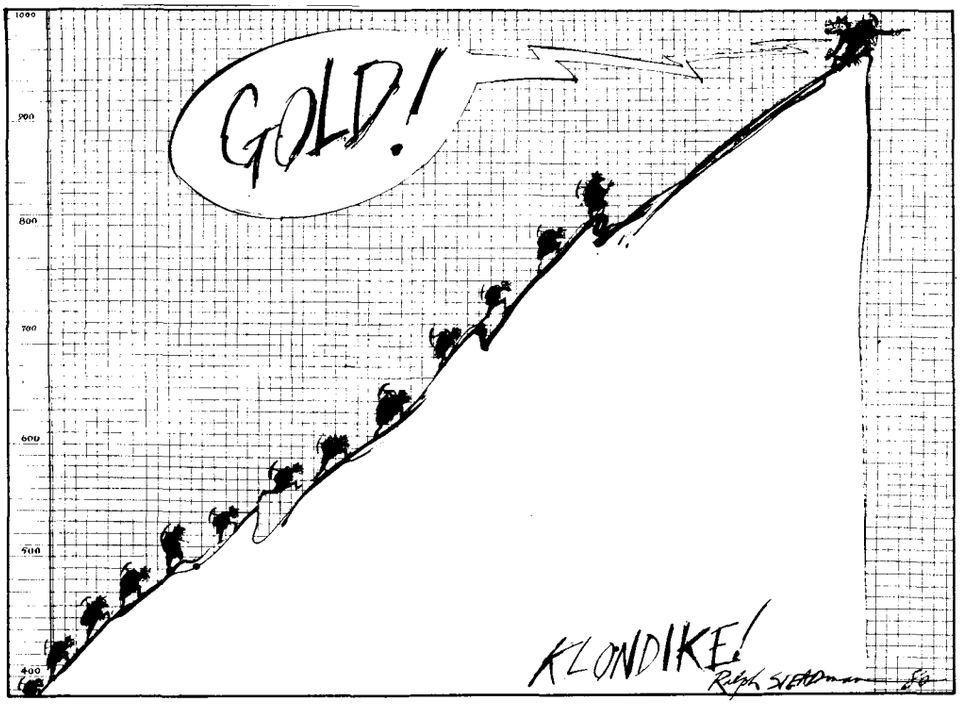

Altogether 58,000 East European refugees and migrants were resettled under ICEM auspices in 1979 — the highest annual figure since the Hungarian crisis of 1956-57. The vast majority of Russians allowed to leave – 51,000 – were Jews with exit visas for Israel. On arrival at the resettlement centre in Vienna, however, 60 per cent opt instead for the United States, which last year took 34,000 Soviet Jews.

This big increase in the number of Soviet Jews allowed to leave – the figures still need to be set against the number who are refused visas – could be at risk as the Soviet authorities hunt around for retaliatory measures against the political, economic and sporting offensive launched by the United States following the Afghanistan invasion. The control of emigration, with all that it implies in terms of misery and despair in individual cases, has long been a skilfully deployed weapon in Soviet hands. ICEM is worried that in reply to America's turning off the flow of grain and athletes, the Russians will simply turn off the emigration taps; although a spokesperson was quick to point out that prediction of such a move in the autumn – admittedly before the present crisis – turned out to be false. The numbers allowed to quit Russia in November and December were at record levels.

All that glitters

Christopher Hird writes: When Ralph Steadman drew his cartoon (above) earlier this week, the price of gold was just about to reach $1,000 an ounce in America. By midday on Wednesday in London the price was $50 an ounce – which just goes to show that even cartoonists can be as wrong about the gold price as the best brains in the City of London: the *Financial Times* accurately reflected conventional opinion when, on 5 January with gold at $602 an ounce, it suggested that the short-term peak may not be far off. (There is a ferocious debate in the City about whether or not a fortnight falls within the time horizon of 'short term'.)

Despite the long queues of people outside London bullion dealers, wanting – often foolishly – to sell the family silver as scrap as the price of that metal has followed the price of gold upwards, the sudden interest in yellow metal is not by any means as important as it might appear. A year ago the price of gold was around $275 an ounce and things really started to happen in the second half of 1979. Several large investors decided to increase their holdings of gold. The precise identity of such persons is protected by the banks who deal on their behalf but it seems that they were mainly rich individuals from the Middle East, in particular Saudi Arabia.

Investing their large oil revenues is always something of a problem for these gentlemen but their decision to put some of the money into gold was inspired by genuine fears about the stability of the countries they ran: they wanted part of their wealth to be safely stored away in Western bank vaults in the form which, mystically, is seen as the only store of value in times of uncertainty.

The market in which they decided to invest is, in international terms, small and imperfect. The South Africans, the Russians and the Americans control the supply of new gold. Last year this amounted to some 1,820 tons of which perhaps only a third was bought as an investment, making it much less important as an investment than more conventional homes such as shares, international bonds, property or bank deposits.

In these circumstances the Arabs' buying clearly had an impact on the price, stimulating the interest of speculators large and small, who saw developments in Iran, Afghanistan and America – where the Federal Reserve seemed to be abandoning regular sales of gold – as evidence of further demand and limited supply. To keep the gold price on the front pages there needs to be a new surge of such fears; or confirmation of them.

Giscard's nuclear salesmanship

Jane Jessel writes from Paris: President Giscard D'Estaing rarely appears on the radio, preferring hour-long television sessions with deferential journalists, but he did so last weekend to explain to the nation why France is staking its future on nuclear power. The President announced no new developments or changes of plan. It was, rather, an educative measure to set out his philosophy to a people who to some extent mistrust nuclear energy but seem resigned to it.

The commitment to nuclear power was made in 1974, prompted by the quadrupling of oil prices in the aftermath of the Yom Kippur war. President Pompidou's government, with no alternative policy for making up the shortfall, readily accepted suggestions put forward by the Atomic Energy Commission (CEN) and the State Electricity Board (EDF). The reactors now coming into service, or in service, are those whose construction was planned in the time of Pompidou. So far 19 have been completed (often several are grouped on a single site – for example five at Bugey) with 16 under construction and a further 49 planned. One fast breeder is being built at Creys Malville. Virtually all the newer models are of the Pressurised Water Reactor (PWR) type. At present about 16 per cent of France's total electricity consumption is provided by nuclear plants: by 1985, announced the President, it should be 55 per cent – as much nuclear energy electricity as West Germany and Japan combined.

If all goes well, that is. Three reactors – at Gravelines, Tricastin and Dampierre – are late being brought into service because cracks were discovered in the reactor housing. The discovery of the cracks, plus the disclosure that a new leak had developed in the retreatment plant at La Hague, might have served to rally the forces of those opposed to nuclear power, who have been somewhat subdued since the big demonstration in the summer of 1977 at Creys Malville, during which a demonstrator was killed. But of the four big political groupings, three, including the Communist Party, are more or less unconditional supporters of the nuclear programme and the fourth, the Socialist Party, while divided, is generally favourable.

Opposition continues to be led by the Ecologists, who have their own internal dissensions. Although they have made only limited headway, they collected more than 4 per cent of the vote in the European elections last June and their influence can be seen in the refusal of a number of municipalities to accept reactors.

To persuade people to accept the unpleasant, straight monetary incentives often work best. On this principle, the President announced in his radio interview that people living near nuclear power stations would qualify for a 15 per cent discount on their electricity bills.

Back to Moscow

David Bell writes from Paris: 'Eurocommunism is dead! Long live Eurocommunism!' Such, if not in precisely those words, is the attitude of the French Communist leader Georges Marchais, who has recently returned from a visit to Moscow where he was warmly received back into the Soviet orbit. The PCF's view of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan is that the USSR did not violate national sovereignty when it 'responded to American advances in the region' and when it helped defeat feudal forces in an imperialist-dominated state. This, said Marchais, made all the difference between recent Russian action and the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

In stating their support for the Russians at such a crucial time the French Communists – even though they still speak of 'Eurocommunism' – take a line quite separate from that of the French and Spanish CPs, which have roundly condemned the invasion.

As Marchais returned from Moscow the Socialists were holding their national convention in Alfortville, to ratify their *Project*. This document is a cross between a manifesto and a philosophical statement of position. It has been in preparation since May 1978 and is largely the work of CERES – workers' control Left – and Mitterrand supporters in the party. It was extensively debated in district meetings, amended and referred back before its ratifications *nem con*.

That unity is, however, somewhat illusory. CERES and Mitterrand have argued that the Socialists should try to rebuild the Left union with the PCF and should not give the slightest ground for the Communist view that the Socialists are Giscard supporters in mufti. The recent behaviour by Marchais has shattered any Socialist illusions that Left union is just around the corner, and this has given Michel Rocard an important boost. As the other major figure in the Socialist Party apart from Mitterrand, Rocard has always argued that the Socialists must look first to their own party; only after it has been strengthened should they turn to the PCF.

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STEEL

Christopher Hird & Patrick Wintour

The scope for an 'honourable settlement' to the strike is limited

No strategy for capitalism's crisis

IT MAY NOT yet be what the Railwaymen's leader Sid Weighell calls 'a 1926 situation' but the confluence of events in South Wales is causing comparisons with the General Strike to be made. By most estimates a total of 50,000 jobs will have disappeared in South Wales by Autumn if the British Steel Corporation sticks to its current closure policy and if they continue to reduce their coking coal from the South Wales mines. Those 50,000 jobs represent over a tenth of all the trade unionists affiliated to the Welsh TUC. On Monday throughout Wales an estimated 100,000 people will be out on one-day strike in protest. Another 100,000 will be taking what the Welsh TUC describe as action short of a strike. If the devastation threatening the historic industries of the principality is not alleviated by 10 March a new Quadruple Alliance of Miners, Steelmen, Dockers and Railwaymen intend to come out on indefinite strike. That strike was due to start this week but the TUC and South Wales steelmen argued for delay. With the Miners chafing at the bit the Welsh TUC will be unable to get another postponement in March.

At present there is little sign that the Conservative government wants to find a way out of the corner they have argued themselves into. Their refusal this week to relax BSC's 1980-81 cash limit of £450 million and their refusal to fudge the issue in some way – by a capital reconstruction or a change in BSC's non-government funding rules, perhaps – means there is very little, if any, room for manoeuvre.

The Tories' attitude to the steel dispute and the BSC was clearly put by Sir Keith Joseph in the House of Commons on 17 January. BSC had already got through millions of pounds of taxpayers' money but still could not compete against other steel producers which had much higher productivity. There was no reason why taxpayers should fork out money so that the steelmen could have higher wages rising on average to £124 gross per week, when they could do something about it themselves by improving poor productivity. In many ways, the dispute was the 'classic example of the British disease': wanting something for nothing.

The combatitive tone of Sir Keith's speech made it clear that the steel dispute is a test for the government's attitude to the problems of British industry: concerns in difficulty must largely cope with these themselves and quickly. In practice this amounts to cuts in real wages for the workers in these industries and, for some, the sack. Part of the 'British disease' is that such solutions can be passed off as 'economic reality'.

But, and more importantly for the Left, the steel crisis highlights another problem in Britain. In the Labour Party and the unions there are hardly any ideas or resources addressed to the many problems of industrial change including alternative employment: a gap which often encourages a myopic view of British capitalism and seemingly pointless acts of industrial defensiveness. Len Murray, last September, promised a TUC 'alternative plan for steel' but all that can be detected is a desire to do what BSC are doing but more slowly. Only unwillingly and too late, with the help of two academics, did the workers at the doomed Corby plant challenge the assumptions on which BSC was running its business.

Camera Press

BSC's problems are easy enough to outline: the important home market has contracted with the British manufacturing and engineering industries. BSC has, for the last five years at least, maintained its home market share. In its export markets it has done quite well – it is a net exporter to cheap steel producer Korea, for example — but its high prices, partly caused by the recent rise in the pound have prevented real export growth. It is now withdrawing from export markets. It has not been able to cut its costs quickly enough to cope with the total fall in demand. Its problems have, it is true, been exacerbated by past over-optimistic forecasts. The capital investment and the high interest charges they have produced have been a heavy burden but BSC's interest charges are little worse than its European competitors and it would be a mistake to believe that a restructuring of BSC's capital alone would overcome the problems of low demand.

INEVITABLY BSC have focused much of their attention on reducing labour costs and in their attempts to reduce manning levels were supported by the last Labour government's White Paper. Crude international comparisons on productivity can be misleading and have, unsurprisingly, been misleadingly quoted during the dispute. But a recent NEDO study[1] of directly comparable plants on the continent and in Britain discovered that continental plants have about the same number of production workers but many fewer maintenance workers and much more flexibility in working practices:

> On the continental plants' production employees are trained and willing to work away from their normal job anywhere in the plant. Wage rates or seniority systems are no barrier to mobility, reducing overtime and increasing job interest. In the UK a group of separate semi-skilled maintenance hands or labourers is employed to fetch and carry for the craftsman. The continental plants have many fewer separate craft skills – typically a mechanical craftsman combines the skill of a mechanical fitter, pipefitter, welder/boilermaker.

The steelworkers who visited these foreign plants – where generally there is only one union – were clearly impressed by what they saw as they have agreed to an experiment incorporating many of the features of the foreign plants: the strike has put off the introduction of these schemes. Furthermore, the steel unions have been much more flexible in negotiating manning levels and working practices with private steel makers such as Sheerness and in the new BSC plants. These negotiations in the industry are complicated by the lack of joint union structures.

However, it is a mistake to concentrate solely on BSC's labour costs as these only represent a third of total costs. Together raw materials and energy account for around half of total costs and there is little doubt that there is scope for saving money in both these areas, especially in the way steel plants are run. For example, one Scottish plant recently was working only two shifts a day so that the furnaces had to be kept going, unused, for eight hours a day, five days a week. Often these hours were during the day as the night shift was better paid. It would almost certainly be cheaper to work three shifts for three days a week and send the workers home on the other two days, without any loss of pay. Because energy use and waste is particularly sensitive to changes in the pace of production, steel is one of those industries in which cutting production can actually *cost* money as energy consumption rises. For this reason, the decision taken last week to leave both Port Talbot and Llanwern open at lower levels of output seems on economic grounds a mistake.

The BSC's proposed pay deal was, in some ways, an attempt to come to terms with some of these problems by shifting the emphasis in

[1]Iron and Steel Sector Working Party Progress Report 1980, National Economic Development Council.

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pay bargaining to the local plants as part of its policy of decentralisation. In June last year BSC chief executive Bob Scholey wrote to steel union chief Bill Sirs, proposing that local managers should deal with productivity payment for such things as energy saving, output levels and yield (the other side of the wastage coin). Sirs was not keen and so the BSC – who in July had only done preparatory work – bungled the proposal in the wages offer. However, the only productivity deal proposed was related to output. Originally there was to be a ceiling of ten per cent, payments were to be retrospective and the BSC managers had, the union felt, too much control over the operation of the scheme.

There is a long-term problem in introducing widespread local bargaining: it can only really be done if the plants become profit centres in their own rights. This will inevitably tend – depending on the inter-company pricing system – to identify 'profit makers' and 'loss making' plants, imposing a new framework on manning levels.

BSC'S IMMEDIATE proposals on manning envisage 50,000 jobs going before the end of this year, through a mixture of closures of peripheral plants, natural wastage and demanning within 'core' plants. It is worth remarking that this is a much shorter timescale than most European steel producers impose – some of whom are losing more money than BSC – and means that BSC is making a disproportionate contribution to the redundancies in the industry envisaged by the EEC's D'Avignon plan.

BSC does not want again to make the mistake of falsely guaranteeing a future for a plant, and then suddenly closing it. Assuming its forecasts are correct BSC believes that it can preserve an industry which will not need to rely so heavily on government funds. If it did continue as virtually a social service then the closures planned this year would in time almost certainly come about anyway.

Ironically, part of the reason for the Welsh Day of Action is the need to convince the London-based TUC that there is something serious at stake in Wales. The Welsh TUC figures on the crisis facing South Wales certainly underline both how undiversified the Welsh economy remains and how total is its recent reversal in fortunes. It was announced last week that liquid steel production in Wales is to be reduced to 2.8m tons a year: yet, as recently as 1977, BSC wanted an £800m. investment at Port Talbot to double capacity from 3m tons to 6m tons. Llanwern was to produce 3.8m tons. As a result of last week's reduction 6,900 jobs are to be lost at Port Talbot and 4,500 at Llanwern. The NCB say the consequent reduction in the BSC's demand for coking coal means the closure of 10 mines and the loss of 7,500 miners' jobs. But the problem is compounded. Despite much pressure from the NCB and the blacking of imports, the BSC are committed to doubling their imports of coking coal to 24 per cent of total consumption. The shift is because of a mixture of price (overseas coal is £10 a ton cheaper) and quality (much Welsh coal has very high sulphur levels). This further drop in BSC demand for coal means a further loss of 7,000 miners' jobs and another 11 pits. Two-thirds of South Wales miners would then be unemployed. The reverberations for the Welsh economy do not end there. Five-sixths of British Rail's freight business in South Wales is dependent on coal and steel. Many engineering jobs are based on the two industries: the NCB calculate that their custom with private business would be cut by more than a third. In the context of all that references to a return to the Thirties do not seem such a cliché. It also is incredible that the Government will not consider subsidising coking coal in the same way that European countries do.

BSC, for their part, do not believe that the effects will be that disastrous. Ebbw Vale, admittedly still with 13 per cent unemployment, is one town where EEC funds 'gathered by Michael Foot' have helped reduce unemployment. BSC also say that only 8 Welsh pits are used for coking coal. There is a suspicion that the NCB are using the steel industry as a pretext to close many of the long-standing unprofitable pits in South Wales which they were prevented from doing by the Tony Benn-Joel Barnett joint review of particular South Wales pits.

And on steel it is hard to believe that Labour would have had a policy that different from the Tories. They would perhaps have been willing to fudge the cash limit so that the strike could be avoided, rather as the Tories have financed the coal miners' 24 per cent wage increase. Labour would probably have moved slower on plant closures. But, in the face of low demand, the basic strategy would have been the same. The difficulty is that solving the problem of BSC without massive social cost probably needs a bit of everything – demanning, cost saving, more aggressive export sales, capital restructuring, new employment projects, changing union attitudes and so on – and a lot of time.

IRELAND
Stewart Dalby

Why did more than 250,000 workers take to the streets?

Mr Haughey's biggest problem

LAST TUESDAY'S HUGE anti-PAYE demonstrations all over the Republic of Ireland should make one thing clear to the British government. The new Irish premier, Charles Haughey, widely feared as hawkishly Republican in his views on Northern Ireland has his hands more than full for the moment with the problems of the Irish economy.

Mr Haughey has already made this clear. In his first television broadcast since he became Taoiseach last December he did not mention the North once. Instead the Irish people were lectured on the dangers facing a nation living way beyond its means. Mr Haughey promised hard times ahead and this year's budget, due next month, is likely to contain harsh cuts in public spending.

This will exacerbate the resentments of the tens of thousands of trade unionists who marched in Dublin and other cities on Tuesday. These were industrial and service sector workers from the PAYE sector. They were protesting, as they did at almost the same time a year ago, at the anomaly that Ireland's 700,000 PAYE workers contribute 88 per cent of the direct taxes collected in the Republic, compared with the less than five per cent contributed by the 180,000 farmers.

As with other Irish problems this particular inequity has its roots in history. Since the founding of the state Irish farmers lived for many years in appalling poverty and for most of that time they were not taxed at all. While that situation has changed in recent years the efforts of Irish governments to broaden the farmers's tax base to a level to satisfy the PAYE sector has always foundered on the realities of the political muscle that the farmers can still wield in Ireland.

The tax protest can be seen as a variant, if a mild one, of the upheavals experienced by countries which have suddenly struck it rich. Ireland, it is true, has not found oil (although this could happen if the Porcupine basin in the Atlantic proves productive). It has not struck gold, or even found uranium in the Donegal Hills (this could also happen). What it has done is join the Common Market. For virtually the first time in eight hundred years, many Irish themselves, instead of their colonial overlords, are becoming prosperous. But the new-found wealth – such as it is – is not being evenly spread or, more important, it is not being seen to be evenly spread.

Ireland has languished in agricultural poverty for so long that it had been absorbed into its political culture. Eamon de Valera, had a vision of Ireland as a frugal but spiritually rich country, as he said in a St Patrick's Day speech in 1943:

> The Ireland we dreamed of would be the home of the people who valued material wealth only as the basis of a right living, of a people who were satisfied with a frugal comfort and devoted their leisure to the things of the spirit.

Only when he relinquished his by then enfeebled grasp on the country and let his lieutenant Sean Lemass become prime minister in 1959 was the way open for Ireland to drop its effective ban on new foreign investment. For a country without any indigenous capital this ban had meant there was very little industrial development.

At the same time as he was encouraging projects like the Shannon tax-free zone, Lemass's slightly improved the system whereby Britain bought Irish food, notably beef, at rock bottom prices. Although conventional wisdom holds that Britain was badly exploiting Ireland, with the EEC closing the continental European market to Ireland it is hard to see where else it could have sold its beef. Ireland got a taste of what a bonanza the Common Agricultural Policy could be in 1972 when an unexpected shortfall in Europe meant that Ireland could sell its products there. Prices were about four times as good. Next year Ireland joined the Common Market.

JOINING THE COMMON MARKET had two important and dynamic effects. First it provided the real boost for manufacturing industry: foreign companies, and particularly ones from the US, resident in Ireland, could now sell in the EEC without facing the formidable battery of tariffs and customs barriers. Second, agricultural prices hit the roof. This has been and continues to be important to Ireland which unlike Britain is a net exporter of food. Both of these developments contain the seeds of the discontent behind this

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week's demonstration which comes at a time when the outlook for the Irish economy and wage earners is bleak.

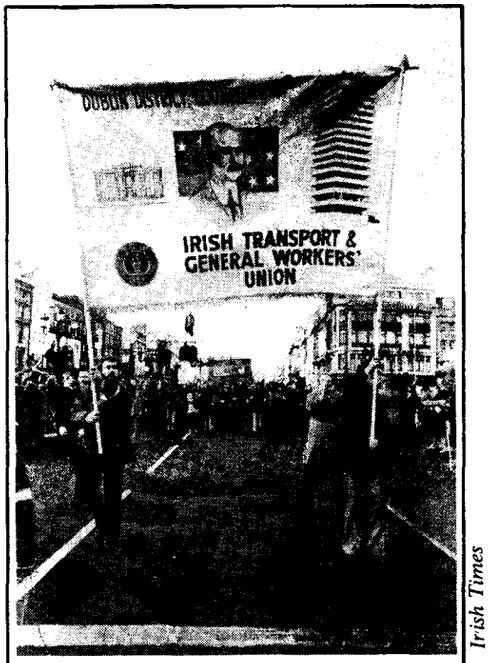
Ireland's industrial development really took off during the last decade. A wide range of capital grants, training grants, loan packages and cheap factories lured foreign companies to Ireland. The bad roads and the worst telephone system in Western Europe were not sufficient of a disincentive where the workers were in plentiful supply and spoke English. There were no restrictions on repatriating profits and no taxes on exports. With 3.3 million people in Ireland and 330 million in the Common Market, it is obvious where the exports have been going. Under pressure from the EEC Commissioners there will be a 10 per cent corporation tax for exporting companies from January 1981, although there are arrangements for exemptions for existing companies which stretch until 1990.

Small wonder, then, that American companies in Ireland, according to the Washington Chamber of Commerce report, last year had a return on capital employed of 24 per cent – far higher than anywhere else in Western Europe. It is estimated that between 1960 and 1978 some 656 foreign companies have invested in Ireland, of which 215 have been American and 176 British. American companies alone account for over half of the IR£1.64 billion which has been invested in an economy with a GNP of just IR£7.4 billion.

Although the size of the Irish workforce has remained static at just over one million and unemployment similarly so at 10 per cent, there have been considerable structural changes in the workforce. For the last five years 4,000 agricultural workers have been leaving the land every year; older industries have been shedding workers at a similar rate; emigration has stopped. But about two-thirds of the 125,000 people employed in manufacturing are in jobs which did not exist ten years ago.

If employment has come to industry; it is agriculture which has been an important spur to export-led growth. When Ireland joined the Common Market it got better prices for its beef and milk but also, because its prices had been so low, it received extra payments for a transitional period of five years. While community prices were rising by 3 per cent, Irish farmers were getting increases of 7 per cent or more. Ireland also continually devalued its green pound – the artificial currency used to get agriculture priced to differentiate between currency fluctuations. This meant that Ireland has rewarded its farmers at the expense of its consumers. Since over two-thirds of agricultural produce is exported, this has been easy for governments to justify, though it made farmers rich. In his budget speech last year the then finance minister Mr George Colley said that farmers' incomes had increased by 142 per cent since 1973.

Some of this increase will have come from higher output – on some farms, especially on the East coast, productivity is high. But most of the increase will have come from higher prices. Beef and dairy products account for about three-quarters of total output. For example, before joining the Common Market, Irish beef fetched around IR£13 per cwt. Now it fetches something like IR£38 per cwt; one cow amounts to around ten cwt. Ireland gets 55p a gallon for its milk while one agricultural economist reckons that in a notionally free market farmers would get only 7p. Overall,



Irish Times

Irish on the march: over 250,000 people took part in Tuesday's demonstrations

out of total farm income last year of IR£900 million, probably £350m to £400m came from FEOGA (European Guarantees and Guidance Fund), or the European Budget.

MOST IRISH FARMERS can reckon to make some £100 net per acre, giving the average farm – of 50 acres – IR£5,000 a year, compared with £1,000 ten years ago. As last Tuesday's demonstration made clear, farmers pay very little tax. There are two systems for farmers. One is an income tax system under which farmers draw up their own accounts. The other is a notional system based on rateable values. Although the system's threshold values have consistently been lowered and the multipliers increased, rateable values remain very historic and pretty meaningless for taxation purposes.

Moreover, the farmer can set against his gross income wages, contractors' costs, bank interest, marriage allowances and children's allowances as well as allowing for an investment in machinery. Paul Tansey, economics writer on the *Irish Times*, once estimated that a farmer with a gross income of IR£18,000 could end up paying IR£470 in taxes.

Only 23,000 of Ireland's 180,000 farmers paid tax in 1978 and even their total tax and rate bills came to less than IR£50 million. PAYE rates, on the other hand, are similar to Britain starting at 25 per cent and going up to 60 per cent. A public sector worker who earned a basic £70 to £80 a week will probably pay 17 per cent in tax providing he has a wife and three children. Set against the conspicuous opulence of the farmers – smart cars, new houses and pockets stuffed with money at the races – this goes some way to explain this week's demonstration.

But this is just one element in the discontent. After the 'dash for growth' of former prime minister Jack Lynch and his economics minister Dr Martin O'Donoghue, the Irish economy is threatened by inflation and falling real incomes.

When the Fianna Fail government was elected in 1977 it began to cut taxes, abolish domestic rates and road taxes as well as boosting public spending. Credit was freely available and most of the Irish population, believing that the economic miracle had arrived, began to spend as if money was going out of fashion. House prices soared, thousands of foreign cars were imported and the streets of Dublin wore the prosperity gaudily with shops crammed with luxury goods and windows lit with neon lighting.

But, as a small, open economy – two-way trade amounts to over 90 per cent of GNP – Ireland found it easy to import inflation, especially from Britain, which still accounts for 49 per cent of Ireland's total imports. In addition, Ireland imports four-fifths of its energy needs, largely oil. Furthermore, in 1977 and 1978, seeing the economy apparently prospering, industrial and public sector workers started pushing for higher wages. These pressures were hard to resist with Ireland's disparate union structure. Many public bodies have umpteen unions, always arguing over parity. The Post Office for example, which last year had a damaging five month strike, has 12 unions.

Last year, with agricultural exports stagnant, tourism hit by the postal strike and oil prices pushing up the import bill, the rate of growth of the economy dropped from 6.5 per cent in 1978 to nearer 3 per cent. Inflation moved into double figures and the current account visible balance of trade deficit widened to IR£760 million. There is no way this can be bridged by invisible earnings and capital inflows. Already the government is having to dip into reserves which are IR£300 million down on IR£1.2 billion at the end of last year, though these were boosted by the inflow of money in expectation of windfall profits when Ireland joined the European Monetary System.

With the national wage understanding allowing for 17 per cent wage increases Mr Haughey fears a balance of payments deficit which he cannot fund from reserves. His options in attempting to prevent the Irish pound coming under pressure are limited. He could borrow abroad – Ireland's foreign debts, although short-term, are not high and her credit rating is good. This would keep the imports flowing, not all of which are luxury or consumer goods; many are raw materials and capital goods.

Such a course may have been taken by Dr O'Donoghue, had he not been sacked by Mr Haughey when he took over in December. The charm of the strategy is that it would not slow down productive investment. This is very high in Ireland, something like 30 per cent of GNP, compared with 2 per cent in West Germany and 18 per cent in Britain. The problem with the strategy is that the government is already heavily in debt: it has not brought down the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement as it promised it would do. And although Mr Haughey can pursue a monetary policy independent of Britain now that Ireland has its own currency, there is a severe shortage of Irish pounds as something like IR£600 million were repatriated when the currencies split last March. Moreover, credit has already been severely restricted.

SO OTHER MEASURES seem in order. The promised tough budget in February will probably cut public spending, raise indirect taxes and possibly tax the farmers: over half of the IR£1 billion of government debt is accounted for by the gap between current account spending and tax income. In total Mr Haughey will

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be looking for at least £400 million in cuts. He will probably not risk any rises in direct taxes for fear of alienating the PAYE sector and will hope for more success negotiating with the farmers than George Colley had.

After three or four years of steadily rising per capita income, it has fallen to Mr Haughey to tell the Irish people that, for the moment, the Irish miracle is in abeyance. This is something which the exceptionally large number (83) of Fianna Fail MPs fear. Many have only just got into the Dail after years of trying and were badly shaken by the resounding victory of the opposition Fine Gael in two by-elections in Cork last November. Cork is Jack Lynch's home town and the seat he represents in the Dail. The defeats came after disastrous showings in the direct elections to the European parliament and all the surveys suggest that economic issues swung the voters.

The state of the Republic's economy has ramifications for Northern Ireland. The former foreign minister Michael O' Kennedy saw Ireland's prosperity *vis à vis* the North as a basis for new links. With steady growth it would not have been inconceivable by the end of the century to find Northern Irish workers crossing the border to work in foreign-owned factories. More immediately, there are signs that the Irish value their new wealth more than their ardour for the republican cause. The at least passive compliance with the IRA's goals could be eroded if the economy seems threatened. Charles Haughey, with his impeccable republican credentials, would be able to smash the provisional IRA in the way that Lemass and de Valera did before him.

But he has first to deal with an election – mid 1982 at the latest – after taking back with one hand what his predecessors gave with the other. If things get worse before they get better, winning that election may not be easy.

Stewart Dalby is Irish Correspondent of the Financial Times.

INDUSTRY
Stephen Marks

Decision to build at Bristol is bad news for depressed regions

South monopolises microchips

THE MICROCHIP REVOLUTION looks like reinforcing regional inequality in the distribution of jobs and growth, if a key decision by Inmos, the British-based microchip company backed by the NEB, is anything to go by.

The firm's decision to set up its first UK production unit in Bristol has been attacked by local authority leaders and MPs from more depressed regions. Councillor Michael Campbell, leader of Tyne and Wear County Council, has described it as 'nothing less than a severe kick in the teeth, not only for Tyne and Wear but for all other assisted areas'. And Alan Williams MP, a Minister of State at the Department of Industry under the Labour government, claims that it violates pledges given by the company to locate its first two plants, each expected to create 1,000 jobs, in assisted areas.

Inmos has already been given £25 million of public money from the NEB, to help it set up a British-based microchip presence, and a further £25 million is on the way, subject to confirmation from Sir Keith Joseph. The bulk of the first sum went on setting up a research, development and pilot production plant at Colorado Springs in the USA. The first British site, expected to cost £24 million, will be used for volume manufacture and the development of microcomputers.

A second, larger site, expected to cost £40 million, is to be financed out of profits. It is predicted that building on this one will start in 1982 and Inmos says it will certainly be located in a development area.

The key reason for locating the first site in Bristol is undoubtedly that Inmos's management headquarters and research and development unit are already based there. Most of the existing staff are engaged in research and development, and their numbers are expected to rise from 55 to 200 by the end of the year. But Alan Williams claims that an industrial development certificate for the R&D unit was granted only on condition that *both* the production units would be located in the assisted areas. This expectation was reinforced when out of 230 potential sites considered, the short-list was confined to Bristol, South Wales and the North-East.

The direct employment effect of the sites themselves is small, and at least half of the 1,000 jobs will be for highly-skilled specialist staff. But the regions fear the decision will confirm the South as the natural location for any future British microchip industry.

PLANNERS ARE BEGINNING to discern the emergence of an 'electronics belt', stretching from the Avon to the Solent at a convenient 45-degree angle to the 'London-Bath elipse'. Bristol, with its aerospace industry forms one end, and Portsmouth and Southampton the other, with their tradition of defence-related research encouraging the development of electronics-related industries.

Bristol can point to indications that it is already emerging as one of the country's leading micro-electronics centres. Marconi Electronics is to build a 100,000-square-feet factory at Nailsea, and other electronics-related firms in the area, apart from British Aerospace, include IBM, Fairchild Semiconductor, and Sperry Gyroscope.

Planners are preparing for the microchip spin-off they expect from the Inmos decision. Avon County Council, together with North-Avon District, is already negotiating with the Area Health Authority to buy the 70-acre site they have in mind for Inmos. However, Inmos alone will need only 30 acres: the rest of the space, planners hope, will be let to other computer and micro-electronics enterprises.

Just the other side of the M4/M5 interchange is the 170-acre Aztec West site, which Northavon plans to develop jointly with Electricity Supply Nominees Ltd. This is planned to include 34 acres of office and research facilities on a campus-style estate devoted to micro-electronics and other related activities.

The logic of these developments is strongly contested by Tyne and Wear County Council, which, together with all the local authorities in its area and the Washington New Town Development Corporation, sent a special brief to Inmos and the NEB last November, answering the most common objections to locating the industry in an assisted area.

IT POINTED TO the setting up in Newcastle of the country's first Micro-electronics Applications Research Institute, sponsored jointly by Newcastle University, Newcastle Poly, a private software firm and the County Council, which put up 70 per cent of the funds. Tyne and Wear also offered a special package, on top of the 22½ per cent capital grant from the government for new factories in assisted areas. This included the offer of a specially-commissioned report on the acceptability of the North-East to incoming senior staff; a special recruitment campaign including help with relocation costs and mortgages; a tailor-made training programme for technical staff, designed to Inmos's specifications and paid for by the County; and a complete design-and-build service for factory building, including tendering and on-site supervision, and help with any special costs.

In addition, in contrast with its subsequent protestations that Inmos has flouted national policy guidelines, the County offered to pay for the training of the initial intake of 'female production operatives'. A spokesman from Inmos admitted recently that the company would be offering 'the sort of detailed, fiddly jobs that are traditionally done by women: they have a special aptitude for that kind of work'. Female workers come at special prices, too. Tyne and Wear is apparently not the only assisted area to have tried to lure Inmos with promises of an abundance of female labour.

'We offered them everything except the wages of their employees', says one Tyne and Wear official. Had the government taken a firm line, and demanded an assisted-area location, there is no doubt that Inmos would have followed. After all, the enterprise is in constant fear of being axed altogether. It seems that the NEB had made up its mind as early as November 1978. John Evans, Labour MP for Newton, reports that on the 23rd of that month, he met chairman Leslie Murphy and senior officers of the NEB, to argue the case for locating Inmos in the North West. 'I was astounded to discover that all the arguments were dismissed as irrelevant. The key factor was the close proximity of Bristol to the Cotswolds which, they informed me, offered the desirable sort of residential areas necessary to attract the best staff.'

It seems that the 'conventional wisdom' that senior staff will not be attracted to the 'depressed areas' cannot now be shifted, even where a publicly-owned company is concerned. But perhaps the Inmos decision was not motivated simply by southern chauvinism, and the needs of the microchip industry would be better met from an industrial and economic background of the kind found in Bristol, than by a more classically 19th-century base of the kind found in the North East. Either way, the future looks bleak for outlying industries in the micro-electronic age.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Exiles from apartheid seek links with British and Dutch students

Learning liberation

A FREEDOM COLLEGE for exiled black South African schoolchildren wants to link up with 50 British schools to exchange ideas and resources. After five years of detailed planning by the African National Congress (ANC), the Solomon Mahlangu freedom college started last May at Mazimbu near Morogoro in Tanzania on 600 acres of land donated by the Tanzanian government.

A growing number of children and young people have been leaving apartheid South Africa by walking over the border into Botswana or Lesotho. Several hundred a year complete the trip, mainly from Soweto. Most want to continue their education rather than opt for the other choice they are given on crossing the border of 'joining the military'. The ANC hopes the new college will be able to cater for between two and three thousand students aged from nine to 32. Fifty-three students started last May and there are now 163 studying, building and farming.

Students and staff are working together to extend the college. Plans include a medical centre and a children's centre to accommodate the under-sevens. Every student has to acquire and make use of a practical or technical skill (carpenter, electrician, farmer) as well as helping out with food production. There is a piggery and a poultry unit. A dairy unit is also planned, and the college intends eventually to be self-sufficient in food. Three hours a week are allocated for teaching technical skills and two for food production skills. All students are given their own plot for vegetables.

The principal of the college, Winshi Njobe, is himself an exiled South African. He had previously taught in Nigeria, Ghana and Zambia before being asked to take on the freedom college project. He is clear about the college's aims – to provide a more appropriate education for black South Africans, to destroy apartheid by breaking down the class structure (hence, in part, the emphasis on balancing academic and technical skills) and by the kind of education offered. The staff start early to teach non-racial attitudes. They offer a much more comprehensive schooling than the children get in South Africa. For example, maths and science are not taught in Bantu schools.

THE FREEDOM COLLEGE uses English as its main teaching language. Although most of the young people can read and write by the time they get to the college, some have a poor grasp of language and are offered remedial help. Politics – or education for liberation – is being introduced into the curriculum, and new textbooks are being compiled. Until these are ready, British textbooks are used. Decision-making at the college is a joint staff/student responsibility – from the content of the curriculum to whether to ban smoking. In this way, it is hoped to produce new guidelines on curriculum and organisation that will act as models for future schools and colleges in an apartheid-free South Africa. For Winshi Njobe is an optimist; he sees the freedom college as a crusade for a non-racial society in South Africa.

The ANC has received help primarily through UN agencies. The Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) is advising on the best sort of dairy unit to go for, and the International Labour Organisation (ILO) is working on the college's proposed vocational training programme. But Mr Njobe considers it essential that, because of their historical connection, both Holland and Britain provide aid and advice. Most of the students have only encountered hostile Western whites in South Africa. Winshi Njobe wants to be able to demonstrate that whites too are capable of non-racial attitudes and will support projects like the freedom college.

Earlier this month, Mr Njobe completed a successful tour of Holland publicising the college and acquiring funds and materials. He is not so hopeful of official aid from Britain given the current government's policies and attitudes towards South Africa. Hence his wish to interest and involve British schools in the project. He reasons that 'a government does not always reflect the views of the people'. Both the ANC and the Anti-Apartheid Movement have been raising funds here.

Schools interested in linking up with the Solomon Mahlangu freedom college should contact the African National Congress, 28 Penton Street, London N1 (01-837 1930) or the Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, London W1 (01-580 5311).

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Islam and the Soviet empire

As Russia's Central Asian 'colonies' experience a population explosion, its European races are in decline. JOHN BESEMERES examines the mounting East-West conflict within the USSR.

Russian soldiers in Kabul

Popperfoto

THE SOVIET INVASION of Afghanistan has been widely viewed in the West as an expression of arrogant and ambitious expansionism. However, any suggestion of Hitlerian panache would be misplaced. The Soviet leaders' interest in Afghanistan – and in Iran – is more defensive than offensive, their expansionism more geriatric than youthfully swashbuckling. This is not to suggest that their activities should be condoned, or that they are anything other than dangerous and undesirable in every respect. But it is important to remember that the USSR is a European-dominated colonial empire, which faces a severe and growing threat to its survival from its own Asian population. The recent manoeuvres are far more likely to have been inspired by anxiety than by exuberance.

Western observers have tended to regard the Soviet presence in Central Asia as beneficial to the natives. Stalinist atrocities in other parts of the USSR are more widely remembered; and there may be an unconscious inclination to wink an understanding, colonial, Eurocentric eye. In fact, the Stalinist phase was in most respects catastrophic for the Central Asians. Their religion was ferociously suppressed. Their own unrepresentative 'national communist' elites were first thrust upon them and then liquidated, to be replaced by others even less representative and even more subservient to the Georgian tyrant from Moscow. Collectivisation of reluctant farmers and nomads often proceeded with considerable savagery. The total numbers of the highly fecund Kazakhs, for example, actually declined significantly between the 1926 and 1939 censuses. During World War II many Central Asians readily joined units organised by the Nazis to fight against their Russian 'big brothers'.

On the plus side, there has been considerable economic development (though facile comparisons with Moslem countries over the border usually forget that the development is concentrated in the larger towns where Slav immigrants have generally been politically and economically dominant). Perhaps more notably, there has been a remarkable educational transformation, and one in which the native Turkic languages have been guaranteed an important place despite their often humble status at the outset of the Soviet period.

At the same time, advances in public health and sanitation have had a significant impact on the birth rate. Since 1950, most Moslem groups in the USSR have been increasing by roughly three per cent a year – a rate which can double the population in a generation. Though fertility is declining in some areas, it is still very high, and in any case, the markedly youthful age structure of the Moslem populations will ensure that for several decades to come they will outstrip the growth of European groups within the USSR, whose fertility is now near or below replacement levels. It is this imbalance which most threatens the stability of the Soviet Union.

The results by nationality of the recent Soviet census have not yet been published. But in 1970 there were 129 million Russians, 40.8 million Ukrainians and 9.1 million Belorussians. Together these three Slavic groups made up 74.6 per cent of the population, down from 77.1 per cent in 1959 at the previous census. The Moslem peoples concentrated in Soviet Central Asia and the Caucasus region totalled some 35 million, an increase of more than 40 per cent from 24.8 million in 1959.

If current trends are projected forward to the year 2000 in a manner relatively favourable to the Russians (and allowing for a substantial decline in Moslem fertility) one can expect that the Russians will by then number roughly 150-155 million. Meanwhile, the Moslems, at 65-70 million, will have grown in strength from 14.5 per cent of the Soviet population in 1970, to somewhere between 20 and 25 per cent by 2000.

Other achievements of the Soviet administration – in economic and educational fields – may similarly rebound and enhance the effect of demographic changes. Urbanised Moslems, in particular, are likely to gather strength and confidence as their natural ethnic sympathies are nurtured by education in their own tongue and by some of the outer trappings of sovereignty. The authorities may soon have cause to wonder whether dialectical materialism and Soviet patriotism afford a sufficient defence against the lures of ethnic and sectarian passions.

THE CONSEQUENCES of these trends will be weightier than the bare figures at first suggest. European USSR is currently experiencing a severe labour shortage. In the 1980s, the sharply declining Slav birthrate of the 1960s will echo in the labour force, accentuating the existing labour shortage to near-crisis level. Soviet economic growth in the past has been of the extensive type, relying on new labour inputs. It has been predicted that when these dry up (as they are now), growth will also shrivel.

In the Moslem areas, by contrast, the very high birth and survival rates since the Second World War have been building up a massive labour surplus. The size of the potential work force has probably been increasing by more than four per cent per annum, and will go on doing so for the foreseeable future. To provide sufficient employment, a massive programme of investments should have been launched years ago. In fact Soviet investments favour Central Asia only marginally – not enough to guarantee that rates of growth per capita will equal those in other parts of the USSR.

Rural underemployment is massive and growing. Urban unemployment is restrained for the present by the relatively modest representation in towns of Moslem peoples; and of course it is not publicly acknowledged. But as country-to-town migration is squeezed into greater vigour by the population pressures in the countryside, there is bound to be extensive (if covert) unemployment in towns, and growing interethnic competition for jobs.

As economic life in Central Asian towns is largely run by Russians and in Russian, the Moslems, whom censuses show to be the worst Russian speakers in the USSR, will be at a disadvantage in their own homelands – something they are bound to resent. In theory they could search for jobs in European or Siberian towns where there are labour shortages. But this seems unlikely, unless they are somehow pushed. Soviet wages and Russian winters and cities have exerted little attraction for them in the past. And their poor Russian and industrial skills do not favour it. If they do go they would presumably, like similar groups in Western Europe, have to take the worst jobs and cluster in protective ghettoes, to the dismay of Slav neighbours. If they do not, unemployment in Central Asia will be that much worse, and the labour crisis in the north that much more acute.

Either way, these manpower pressures will generate turbulence beneath the superficial calm of Soviet interethnic relations. Travellers in the area, both Russians and outsiders, already report considerable, though subdued

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Projections show that the Moslem peoples of the Caucasus and Soviet Central Asia will increase from 14.5% to 20-25% of total USSR population by the year 2000.

tensions. There is very little intermingling between Moslems and Slavs in Central Asia (unlike, say, in the Moslem Tartar regions on the Volga). Intermarriage is rare, and usually between Moslem men and Slav women, with the children adopting the Moslem nationality.

The Russians have been less obsessively racialist in the past towards their subject peoples than have the Anglo-Saxons or the Dutch. But it is in many ways the generous aspects of Soviet policies (relative tolerance for local languages, urban and industrial development, stress on schooling) that may be their undoing.

A COMBINATION of improved education and population growth will produce a young student/intelligentsia explosion, and perhaps a young unemployed/intelligentsia explosion (witness Teheran). Moslem peoples in Central Asia do not have the degree of economic, linguistic and political prominence in their own republics that, say, the Georgians or the Armenians have in their republics. As their numbers swell, they are bound to demand at least that much.

Until a decade or two ago, many of the cities in Central Asia were almost as Russian as Vologda or Novgorod. In the next decade or two, most will dramatically change character. To the 10-12 million Slavs in the area, the 600 odd million Moslems will become very visible indeed. The Slavs may decide to emigrate. There are some signs, in fact, that they have already begun to do so. But presumably enough of them will remain to create the conditions for potential conflict. The time will almost certainly come when power will have to be transferred – at least partially – from one group to another. (In Yugoslavia in recent years, the Orthodox and Slavic Serbs have withdrawn, both demographically and in other ways, from the province of Kosovo, which is dominated increasingly by the highly fertile and mainly Moslem Albanians. This has occurred amid considerable bitterness, but the central leadership has found it necessary to tolerate the transformation. The two cases are not exactly parallel. But Kosovo is nonetheless suggestive.)

If, on the other hand, the Moslems emigrate in large numbers, matters will only be complicated further. Five million Central Asians in European and Siberian USSR by the 1990s might ease unemployment in their homelands, but would not materially diminish their numerical predominance there. If those emigrants stirred the response among Slavs that Algerians have done among the French, or Turks among the Germans, a very delicate problem could arise. It would be one without parallel in the history of European colonial adventures. Elsewhere, Europeans had withdrawn from their colonies before the 'coloured' colonials began to emigrate to the metropolitan countries in large numbers. But if ethnic relations turned sour in European Russia and Soviet Central Asia, the Soviet leadership could be confronted by a Wolverhampton and a Salisbury simultaneously, within the same political boundaries.

The external environment is unlikely to be propitious. The Anglo-American powers have proved their superior skills in losing influence slowly, spectacularly and in an attention-monopolising way, but by the 1990s the Soviet post-colonial paradox may be no less conspicuous. Chinese hostility is already an inhibiting factor in Soviet Central Asia and Sinkiang, where both sides compete for the favours of the indigenous peoples. The spread of Moslem fundamentalism and ethnic sentiment in the south will impose increasing constraints, despite the consolation that it also embarrasses and alarms the US.

The USSR's own military forces may cease to be an entirely reliable instrument for handling the problem. By 1990, about a quarter of all recruits will be from the Moslem peoples, and this proportion will continue to grow. In fact in the 1980s the Soviet army will be experiencing exactly the same kind of manpower crunch as the rest of the economy. If greater numbers of Slavs are drawn off into other sectors, the linguistic and technical skills available to the Soviet Army will be severely diminished. Morale may suffer, and it may appear to some that a radical ethnic restructuring of the heavily Slav upper echelons of the Soviet Army officer corps should be conducted.

THESE ARE SOME of the problems that have probably been worrying some of the more far-sighted middle-rank Soviet politicians. What possible solutions might they be looking for?

Many Soviet demographic observers have for some years now been urging their government quite explicitly to adopt a differential population policy aimed at strengthening Slav birthrates and damping down those of the Moslems. Some East European countries have succeeded by various means in increasing their birthrates. But the effects, though not negligible, are modest in relation to the 'need' in the Soviet case. Besides, the problem is already maturing: the time to act was 20 years ago, if not earlier. And in any case, the authorities seem chary of such measures.

The present Soviet leadership seems keener on trying to assimilate the national minorities and spreading Russian as the second (or even adopted first) language among them. Census results suggest some successes in this field, but mainly with Slav and other European peoples. The proportion of Russian speakers in the total USSR population is actually declining, though slower than the proportion of those identifying as ethnic Russians. Paradoxically, if the Russian language were to spread, it could help facilitate the growth of 'liberationist' sentiments among Moslem peoples. The Russians may point to their 'liberal' record and try to enhance it by some modest or symbolic popular measures. But when people see themselves in a colonial position, honour may not be so easily satisfied.

If assimilation and proclamations of brotherhood do not do the trick, some kind of strategy for separate but equal development might be attempted in the future. There is already a considerable element of informal apartheid, but there are few signs at present that it could develop into a positive policy.

A further possibility would be to grant greater autonomy to the Central Asian republics in running their domestic affairs. This is a more serious version of the cosmetic liberal approach. Soviet governments have had little stomach for such measures since the 1920s. The strongly centralist communist tradition is against them, and they would set an extremely hazardous precedent.

Finally there is the even more drastic stragegy of total (political) withdrawal, leaving Slav-leavened elites to run people's republics along Czech-Mongolian lines. Such a belt of states could form a glittering model for development and at the same time a kind of *cordon sanitaire* between European Russia and possible future antagonists such as a hierocratic Iran or a Pro-Chinese people's republic of Pakistan. However, this strategy is unlikely to be chosen deliberately. Recent events would suggest, rather, that an attempt will be made to create the *cordon sanitaire* outside the present Soviet borders.

The most probable solution is that brotherhood and unity will be ceaselessly proclaimed, the unfraternal elements periodically repressed and surreptitiously turned against one another, while migration and the economy are manipulated in various piecemeal ways. In other words, the leadership will hang on, doing what it has been, hoping for the best.

IF ETHNIC PASSIONS and conflicts were to break out in earnest (whipped on perhaps by stirring calls from bearded figures over the fence) one can readily imagine certain consequences – especially if it coincided with intensified jostling on the Sino-Soviet border. It is possible, for example, that the Soviet grip on Eastern Europe will be loosened. The good offices of the US State Department notwithstanding, this can never under present arrangements be a stable sphere of influence for the Soviet Union. The Polish Pope's recent conciliatory appeals to Islam in Turkey are of particular interest in this context.

Another possibility is that Soviet Russians may feel a rush of sympathy for their Western

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adversaries on both sides of the Atlantic, and even – depending on the circumstances – vice versa. Russian politicians might begin (as the Russian intelligentsia has been doing increasingly in recent years) to 'rediscover' their own past as a European nation and culture, to regret their 'renegade' role in stirring Asians and others against honest white men, and seek to come in from the cold. Almost equally likely, however, is that the chauvinism just below the surface of Russian life might surge to dominance in the state, directing reckless strikes against ethnic enemies of all hues, within and perhaps also without.

The real danger seems to be that 140 million courageous, talented, dogged, brutal, uncharitable, economically muddled, culturally decapitated, but patriotic, determined and highly armed Russians have overreached themselves. Militarily they are powerful but demographically and in most other ways they are not strong enough to defend the far-flung empire they have created. Central to any rational Western response must be an awareness of the fragility beneath the external and domestic policies of the Soviet Union. Western policy should be built on the probability that centrifugal forces within the USSR will increase, just as they have within the world communist movement and the erstwhile Sino-Soviet bloc. The Russians will need to be helped over their post-colonial menopause. For if we fail to understand what is happening, or fail to respond appropriately, the shock waves will be felt far and wide, and they may be unpredictably violent.

CHILE

Legitimising a reign of terror

The bestowal of Mrs Thatcher's seal of approval on General Pinochet does not reflect any change in the regime's repressive character — as DAVID STEPHEN reports on his return from Santiago.

Left: the surface gloss of Santiago; right: the repression continues

Camera Press

THE TORIES are sending an Ambassador back to Chile. (The hapless man is rumoured to be the present Consul-General in Chicago, so presumably he will get off to a flying start with the Friedmanites and Chicago boys who at present run Chile's economy.) Seen from London, the announcement, carefully presented as a routine measure to correct an anomalous situation, might appear relatively neutral and harmless. But in Chile it is seen as a certificate of respectability for the regime. And to the small band of brave men and women who keep alive the hope of a return to democracy it comes as a demoralising blow: they are now wondering whether Pinochet will beat Franco's 40 years in power, or even the 43 years of the Somoza regime.

Early 1979 saw a number of minor changes which gave grounds for cautious hope. Pinochet's plan for constitutional change seemed to be running into the sand, and a democratic alternative, being prepared by a private 'study-group' of democratic politicians and lawyers, almost seemed viable. The army was thought to be divided on the way forward. The United States was toughening its stand over the Letelier affair. New labour laws allowed strikes, so there might have been scope for advances in the trade union field. But by the end of the year, things had changed. The US seems powerless to act in the face of the Chilean refusal to extradite the former head of the secret police. No strike has been successful, but lock-outs have. And there has been an increase in repression. Round-ups and interrogations after demonstrations serve as a reminder that the regime rules by force. Most worrying, Pinochet's political recipe – extreme Friedmanite liberalism in the economic sphere, accompanied by brutally enforced authoritarianism in the political – seems to be winning a certain cynical approval in the world outside. The French, for example, have just sold 16 Mirage fighters to Chile. The only constitution likely to be established is one which institutionalises the power of the present regime.

Chile is probably the world's first perfect Friedmanite economy, sustained by a secret police which backs economic anti-marxism with full-blown counter-Stalinism, and weaves in not a little of the 'ideology of national security' now so fashionable among reactionaries in Latin America. Even after the advances in living standards which occurred under Allende, social inequalities were still so great as to make any talk of the freeplay of market forces a bad joke. Now the ideologically and militarily enforced 'free market economy' is simply a grim farce.

Superficially, and for those foreign visitors who never stray from fashionable parts of Santiago to see the misery of the mass *poblaciones*, the counter-revolution seems to have worked. The airport is beautifully clean and the staff impeccably courteous. The drive into Santiago in a modern luxury airport bus is extremely comfortable. Young men have short haircuts. The shops are full, mainly with imported goods. The middle-classes are beginning to enjoy greater prosperity than ever before, with the mass poverty inflicted on the working-class providing a steady stream of maids and servants for their houses and of hands for their factories and business ventures. The trade union movement, now disciplined less by outright repression than by poverty and unemployment and by fear of further regression and loss of jobs, keeps its head low. The controlled media constantly heap praise on General Pinochet for bringing order to Chile and praise him for promising that there will never be a return to the demagogy and chaos of democracy.

Few voices can legitimately raise criticism. The Cardinal, and the (banned) Christian Democrat Party, who work in harmony, do have some access to the mass media and can raise certain issues. Dissident viewpoints are no longer expressed through a political structure or through parties or party spokesmen. Various 'non-political' fora have been established, including discussion groups connected with local churches, cultural groups, and research organisations. The former Christian Democrat President Eduardo Frei, recently gave a major political speech in the guise of a seminar about his work on the Brandt Commission. Here, in a very limited way, is an opportunity, for those prepared to take the risk, to hear other opinions, to voice criticism of the government and, ultimately, to form what could be the nuclei of future political parties.

The Pinochet government seems to have decided that while politics must remain banned and 'Marxism' a treasonable offence, discussion and research which do not lead to political action are more or less tolerable. The would-be organisers of the Left therefore see scope for 'opening new fronts'. If it is acceptable for the people interested in literature, for example, to meet in order to read poetry or to discuss the merits of certain authors, then, the Left argues, it must ensure that its people are involved – to ensure that small groups are being formed which might one day constitute bases of political activity. But openly to advocate party politics is dangerous for the far-left and hazardous for anyone. A leader of the MIR (revolutionary left) was recently killed. Orlando Cantuarias, leader of the Radical Party, and ten others were charged in December with 'breaking the political recess' and could face prison.

THE EXILED LEADERS sometimes still seem unaware of the extreme difficulties politicians inside Chile face today. Few now seriously claim the junta is about to fall or that a mass popular uprising is on the cards. But neither are they prepared to admit what is now undeniably the case: the political parties of the 'Unidad Popular' have been effectively dismantled by the regime's repression. While leaders of the old parties meet frequently in each others' houses in Santiago, they have virtually no contact with any national grass-

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roots base, though they do, of course, retain friends and contacts in various parts of the country. As in Franco's Spain, politics are a luxury available only to the better-off. For the majority of the Chilean population who live in slums, no political organisation is possible. The concept of 'The Socialist Party' holds strong allegiances among them, but the Party has no structure or local organisation. Only a small number of highly informed activists are involved in the ideological debates that are going on among Chilean socialists abroad.

The leadership of the Chilean Left in exile has remained unchanged since the 1973 coup – with the sole exception of the small 'Christian Left' Party. In conditions of exile and clandestinity, none of the parties has been able to evolve democratically. They have concentrated – understandably and with great success – on aiding their persecuted comrades, but as political organisations they have all but fossilised. The Socialist Party has split. For the Left in Chile the dilemma is how to rebuild from scratch, while the exiled leaders can do little more, for the time being, than make themselves available to give whatever help they can to those inside the country.

The labour laws introduced by the junta last year (the '*Plan Laboral*') do allow plant bargaining by trade unions and strikes are now legal. (The three or four which have occurred so far have all been unsuccessful.) But it is clear that the government does not intend that this small opening should lead to the formation of mass trade unions, political trade union federations or a labour party. But it does allow a certain amount of legitimate pressure to be put on the government by workers' representatives. Lawyers now have a legitimate role as advisers to groups of workers and will try to exploit the small loop-holes that the labour laws give them. It is hazardous to speculate on the long-term evolution of these contacts and mechanisms; but the contacts between a future middle-class socialist leadership and the mass of workers initially may come, as in Franco's Spain (cf. Señor Felipe González), through the very tiny openings which the labour laws allow.

As for the Communist Party, it was particularly viciously repressed by the Chilean junta and is said, for example, to have lost two complete Central Committees in 1976 alone. But it is clearly active now and is sending its comrades to play a part in every 'front' that opens. There are now those on the Left in Chile who feel that any association with the Chilean CP is doomed because of its Moscow and Stalinist connections; while a more sophisticated – and damning – criticism of the Party holds that it has become reconciled to not holding governmental power in the foreseeable future and has, therefore, formed an alliance with the Right, escaping repression in return for a degree of political freedom and a guarantee that it will keep the trade unions and the working-classes 'under-control'. It is alleged in evidence that the junta has allowed dozens of Communist exiles to return to Chile in recent months, while members of the Socialist, Radical and other left-wing parties have had their requests turned down.

The Christian Democrats, under the leadership of ex-President Frei, have consistently opposed the military regime, despite their initial support for the coup based on the forlorn hope that the military might invite them to form a government. The left-wing parties are divided between those who argue that the Christian Democrats are a progressive force with considerable working-class support; and those who fear that an alliance with them would preclude the possibility of genuine socialist change. Old and bitter memories die hard. In practice, however, the progressive wing of the Christian Democrats are to be found participating actively in the various 'fronts' – in constitutional study groups, trade union groups, and in cultural and other spheres. Regardless of the formal position of the Christian Democrat Party or of the parties of the Left, co-operation between their supporters is a fact at grass-roots level.

WHILE THE CHILEAN LEFT rethinks its position and forms new groupings in conditions of great difficulty, many Chileans have begun to think about a future constitution for the country. Two years ago Pinochet appointed a constitutional commission under a right-wing lawyer, Manuel Ortúzar, to draw up a constitution for the country. Ortúzar's brief was, basically, to institutionalise the present political and economic system, and it is generally thought that his draft constitution drew its inspiration from Mussolini and aimed to set up a society with a minimum of 'politics', on corporatist lines. Simultaneously, a group of democratic politicans under the chairmanship of the Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Concepción, Manuel Sanhueza, an ex-Radical who served Allende briefly as Minister of Justice in the early part of the Socialist Government, has been working on a future democratic constitution for Chile. Professor Sanhueza's Commission, the Group of Twenty-four, has attracted widespread support and has worked – formally as a 'constitutional study group' – without interference (though a press conference to unveil its plans was banned by the regime). But while this work has been going on, both in the Ortúzar Commission and in the Group of Twenty-four, General Pinochet has – it seems – had other ideas.

Pinochet's ambition is, like that of many right-wing idealists, for a state without politics with a 'free' economy, in which the people would occupy themselves with work and family life to the exclusion of any discussion about the organisation of society. In December, army generals meeting under Pinochet's chairmanship had extensive discussions on this theme, and it appears that while the Ortúzar Commission's Draft Constitution was rejected, Pinochet was unable to obtain agreement for his plan to perpetuate the present system indefinitely. Some institutional framework was thought necessary. Ex-President Alessandri (the Chairman of the puppet Council of State) was therefore entrusted with the task of drawing up a new constitution, which would be neither democratic nor corporatist, but would involve an election to ratify General Pinochet's presidency and a nominated chamber of deputies for the purpose of discussing, but not voting on, certain laws. It appears that the Alessandri constitution will be launched this year, probably in March or April, and that the 'elections' will follow soon after.

Politicians will be asked to accept an economic system based on inequality and a political system controlled by an apparatus which is deeply undemocratic. The charge of unconstitutionality, with the full weight of the military counter-subversion apparatus behind

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it, will be thrown at any politician who advocates change.

The 'triumph' of what Pinochet himself has christened 'authoritarian democracy' will no doubt cheer the hearts of the New Right everywhere, not least of its representative in the Foreign Office, the Hon. Nicholas Ridley MP, Minister of State for Latin American affairs. But for those who know the facts about the 'new' system, the lesson is a different one. The perfect Friedmanite state, like the Marxist-Leninist state, can only be rigged with the help of the secret police. A political democracy and an economy based on unfettered market forces are incompatible because people who are economically weak will not consciously assent to being fleeced by the economically powerful. Either the democracy must be rigged, or the market forces must somehow be fettered. If Chile is the Thatcherite future, it doesn't work.

YUGOSLAVIA
Branka Magaš

Can the new leaders solve the country's economic problems?

Tito's deluge

ALTHOUGH TITO appears not to be fatally ill, it is not surprising that the entry of Soviet troops into Afghanistan should have provoked a new round of speculation on the future of Yugoslavia. Yet NATO intelligence reports no Warsaw Pact troop movements near Yugoslav frontiers; and the fact that the Yugoslav army has been placed on low alert is neither more nor less than one would expect. The Yugoslavs themselves have reacted strongly against suggestions that they need any external protection. Indeed, such speculation has more to do with making political capital out of the Soviet dilemma in Kabul than with safeguarding Yugoslav national independence. However, if it is the case that the invasion of Afghanistan was caused by a 'fraternal' country's growing instability, then do not the Yugoslavs have some cause for concern?

Certainly, Tito's death will mark an end of an era in Yugoslavia's history. He is identified, in the eyes of his countrymen and the world, with the successful war of national liberation and social revolution in 1941-45, which in turn enabled the Yugoslav Communists to defy Stalin in 1948 and embark upon a 'Yugoslav road to socialism'. Most Yugoslavs know of this period only at second-hand: already by the mid-sixties, the vast majority of the Yugoslav population – and more than two-thirds of the party cadres, staff officers and administrative bureaucrats – had been born or reached adulthood in post-war Yugoslavia. With Tito's own departure imminent, the last link with the revolutionary birth of Yugoslavia will be broken. Following the deaths of Kidrič, Pijade and Kardelj; the purging of Žujović, Hebrang, Djilas and Ranković; the retirement of Popović and Vukmanović-Tempo, Tito is (apart from the old and sick Bakarić) the last of the original Central Committee which led the anti-fascist struggle and turned it into one for social revolution. Yet, as Mayakovsky once wrote:

Of the courage of our fathers we know
from books
And their dream is what warms us
But today and beyond is our *concern.'*

By continuing to hold power at the very top of the state and party apparatus for so long, Tito and his small circle of veterans ensured that those who came afterwards would, by comparison, be relatively unknown. When Tito finally departs, it is intended that political power should pass to a collective leadership, based on the twin principles of rotation of all elected officials and equal representation for the six component republics and two 'autonomous provinces' that make up Yugoslavia. There will be three supreme organs: the State Presidency, with eight members, one for each republic and province; the similarly constructed Executive Bureau of the party; and a special committee set up in 1975 to safeguard the new Federal Constitution adopted a year earlier at the Tenth Party Congress – and which includes the ministers of defence and the interior. By checking and balancing each other, these three bodies should, in theory at least, enable the new leadership to continue smoothly along the established road, and maintain equitable relations between the country's diverse ethnic groups.

From left to right: Ribar, Ranković, Djilas, Tito, Žujović, Hebrang, Pijade and Kardelj.

HISTORY HAS TAUGHT Yugoslavs bitter lessons on the importance of such relations to ensure that their country survives intact. The virtual disintegration of the country four decades ago, followed by four years of bloody civil war, was due above all to the fact that the legitimacy of the old monarchist state rested essentially upon a single nationality (albeit the largest), the Serbs, and that it trampled on the national rights of the remaining Yugoslav peoples. In pre-war Yugoslavia all political parties were ethnically based, with the exception of the illegal Communist Party. The latter was thus alone capable of uniting the different nationalities, not only to fight successfully against Nazi occupation, but also to overthrow the corrupt and incompetent old social order in the name of a federal, socialist Yugoslavia. Yet despite this achievement, the late sixties saw a revival of nationalist politics, halted only by the ousting first of the Croatian and then (for somewhat different but not unrelated reasons) the Serbian party leaderships, in 1970 and 1972 respectively. The events of those years showed that, under certain conditions, nationalist intolerance could rise once again to dominate domestic political life.

These conditions had been provided, first of all, by the uneven economic development of the country. 'Market socialism', first introduced in the fifties and given full rein with the economic reforms of 1965, increased the gap in the standard of living between the richer provinces in the northeast and the poorer southeastern regions. Meanwhile, on the political front, the development of 'market socialism' was accompanied by a redefinition of the role of the party. Power was nominally devolved, on the one hand, to workers' councils (self-management) and, on the other, to the constituent republics. The party changed its name to the League of Communists, and proclaimed that it was moving away from direct administration to the more modest role of a guide. The result was something of a vacuum at the centre. The key political role continued in reality to be played by the party, but now the essential locus of its power became the regional centres, with their extensive economic autonomy. Strong local party bosses emerged who provided an institutional funnel for the growth of nationalism.

It was a sad reflection on the Yugoslav revolution that the second generation of party leaders were apparently able to establish themselves only on a petty-national basis (i.e. as Croats, Serbs, etc.), threatening in the process the country's stability. Tito, with the army's support, threw his personal weight into the fray and managed to defeat those powers in 1970-72. Thereafter, at the Tenth Party Congress in 1974, he repudiated much of the course followed in the preceding two decades, and attacked 'liberalism' and nationalism in the name of Marx and Lenin and proletarian dictatorship. By means of these purges, and the partial recentralisation of party and state which followed the Tenth Party Congress, the spirit of nationalism was

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exorcised – at least for the time being. Yet the whole experience suggested that the ghost could rise again, if circumstances changed.

As Tito emphasised at the time, there was another reason why nationalist tendencies had to be kept in check. After the removal of the Croatian party leadership, Tito gave a speech to Zagreb workers in which he said that, if the Yugoslavs could not put their house in order, 'somebody else' would do it for them – unmistakeably the Soviet Union. Fearful for their independence, the Yugoslavs have always been quick to condemn armed interference in the affairs of other countries, whether by capitalist or communist governments. Recently they have criticised the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, the Chinese of Vietnam and the Russian of Afghanistan. In reality, short of some direct threat to the existing social order in Yugoslavia, it is highly unlikely that the Russians would intervene militarily. But the mere possibility acts as a powerful stimulus to the maintenance of a relative internal harmony.

THOUGH NATIONALISM was thus stripped of any respectability in Yugoslav political life, the leadership has not been able to find a serious solution to the economic contradictions which stimulated its revival. The country's foreign debts are huge, and its balance of payments showed a $3 billion deficit in 1979. By virtue of its extensive integration into the international market, it is much more exposed to the cold winds of depression in the West than are some of its sister-states in Comecon. The budgetary deficit for 1980 is in the range of $5 billion. Inflation will probably continue at least at the official rate of 25 per cent.

In the seventies, the problem of the economic growth or stagnation could easily be interpreted in terms of 'developed' versus 'undeveloped' sectors, but the current economic situation has produced a sharp differentiation of interests within each of these. Although the period since 1974 has seen a revival of economic planning 'in the context of self-management', the absence of effective institutions at the federal level can only hamper planned direction of the economy. In Yugoslavia today, there has to be much talking in the provincial and regional assemblies, and much bargaining in Belgrade, before the centre can act. And in the face of universal need, who is to decide priorities? The economic problems of today have deep roots in the structural underdevelopment that was allowed to become endemic when consumer industries were being promoted in the sixties. Ageing industry, neglected agriculture, an inadequate road and railway system, significant unemployment and low productivity – these could only be tackled by a massive increase in public investment and a consequent holding down of the standard of living for some time to come. Even if such a policy were adopted now, would the new Yugoslav leaders have sufficient political authority to persuade Yugoslav workers and peasants of the new scale of priorities?

The working class, the ultimate arbiter of Yugoslav stability, can at present find only a muted voice in the maze of institutional and constitutional structures that regulate political life. The system of self-management was a subject much discussed by socialists in the sixties. But the workers' councils, even if they do represent a genuine attempt to escape rigid state control of the Soviet type, in fact have only limited scope while political power is monopolised by a single party, which also provides the main channel for recruitment of the country's administrative cadre. Moreover, the League of Communists, though a large organisation, is predominantly one of the technical and administrative intelligentsia: officials, professional people and highly skilled workers. The manual working class accounts for only about a third of its membership, with peasants making up another seven to eight per cent.

THE ROLE of Yugoslav trade unions was redefined in 1976, when a new Law of Associated Labour gave them a greater independence from party and state, and demanded more action from them on behalf of their members' material interests. Yet their true basic function is still to seek out and diffuse conflicts at the base, before they develop into full-scale strikes. In spite of this, strikes are common. Usually confined to a single plant or enterprise, and of limited duration, they are almost all concerned with wages and work conditions. They normally end in victory for the workers – and in replacement of the party, trade-union and factory officials who had allowed the strike to happen in the first place.

It is to relations between Yugoslav workers and the state that one should look for possible causes of social instability in the coming period, rather than to the national question or to Russian designs on Yugoslav territory. The working class has grown in size and culture: only 36 per cent of the population now lives off the land, compared to over 60 per cent in 1948. Yet the working population is in a considerable state of flux. Almost ten per cent work abroad. Fourteen per cent are unemployed (largely blue-collar workers). Perhaps as many as 40 per cent retain direct links with the land (the so-called worker-peasants), where there is a widespread underemployment. There are large numbers of seasonal workers (in tourism and agriculture for example), and a massive migration from the poorer to the richer republics (14 per cent of the total population of Montenegro works outside its borders, 12 per cent in the case of Bosnia). Up to now, the Yugoslav regime has been able, by means of persuasion and partial concessions, to avoid generalised industrial unrest. But it is not clear how long it can continue to do so, if the underlying economic problems are not confronted.

AMERICA
Claudia Wright

A test case will decide the US's right to kick out the enemies of its friends

Yearning to breathe free

ZIAD ABU AIN, a Palestinian from Ramallah on the occupied West Bank, is in jail in Chicago facing extradition to Israel on charges of murdering and terrorism. His appeal against a ruling by Chicago magistrate Olga Jurco on 18 December is being watched closely as a major test of US law. If he loses, not only will he face at least 20 years in an Israeli prison, but the future of many other political refugees in the United States will be placed in jeopardy.

The Israeli government alleges in its formal request that Ziad was responsible for placing a bomb which was detonated in Tiberias on 14 May this year. The explosion is said by the authorities to have killed two people and injured 36. The evidence against Ziad is a confession, given by a friend of his to Israeli interrogators after he had been in prison for several weeks. The only other evidence the Israeli authorities have sent to the United States is a statement by a young woman, who told police that she had carried letters between Ziad and his friend, and had been the go-between for the friend and a Fatah official in Syria. At the time they made their statements, both thought Ziad was safe at his sister's house in Chicago. When the statements were made, no witnesses or translators were present, nor was either Arab represented by a lawyer.

Extradition is a very tricky and ill-defined area of American law. The most authoritative case involved a Yugoslav request in 1951 for the extradition of a Croatian accused of ordering the murder of thousands of civilians during the short-lived Ustasha regime between 1941 and 1942. The request was denied by the courts after eight years of litigation. One of the reasons was that the evidence against the accused, collected in a Yugoslav hearing, was hearsay and considered unreliable. The second reason was that whether or not the Croatian had committed the crimes, what he had done was 'of a political character and therefore not extraditable under the treaty'.

The court wrestled with the problem of defining this political character, and decided that 'it is an offence against the government itself or incidental to political uprisings'. The fact that the murders were of civilians was not considered relevant either way.

In May this year, just three days before the explosion in Tiberias, the US district court in San Francisco reiterated the exception for political offences in refusing the British Government's request for Peter McMullen, the Provisional IRA member wanted for the bombing of the Claro army barracks in 1974. Taking both the British and US by surprise,

THE TIMES
Educational Supplement

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the judge found that the IRA conducted 'terrorist or guerrilla activities', but that these were 'acts of political violence with a political end'. Once the defendant offered the evidence that his activities were covered by the political exception, the court told the government, the burden of proof shifted to the prosecution to establish facts that rebutted it. 'Even though the offence be deplorable and heinous,' the judge ruled, 'the criminal actor will be excluded from deportation if the crime is committed under these (political) prerequisites. After an unsuccessful appeal, McMullen was finally granted political asylum on 10 January.

UNDER AMERICAN extradition law, the court must decide two issues. The first is whether there is probable cause that the wanted man committed an indictable crime. This issue must be decided under the rules of evidence and the applicable law of the local jurisdiction, not the foreign one. Where the foreign court might convict the accused for something which isn't a crime in the United States – for belonging to a Palestinian political organisation, for example, which is a crime in Israel – or in cases and countries where the US doubts the foreign legal process would be free of bias, duress or torture, then the US court and the Secretary of State have some discretion in refusing extradition.

The second issue is whether the alleged crime comes under the political exception. The legal authorities have emphasised that in considering this, the court must decide for itself. In the McMullen ruling, for instance, the judge said: 'We do not look to the executive arm of the government, particularly the State Department, for a determination as to what this government considers an act of political offence ... on the soil of a foreign nation.'

Nevertheless, testimony given in court, and conversations with government officials and defence attorneys, suggest that the State Department has made a vigorous effort at covert pressure on the court in the Ziad case. The extradition request went initially to a State Attorney named Knute Malmborg, who called in an associate in the same office, Louis Fields. The latter's title is Assistant Legal Adviser for Special Functional Problems. His problems are terrorism and narcotics. Fields has overseen the preparation of tough anti-terrorism legislation in Congress and of US efforts to coordinate its measures with other governments.

Over repeated objections to his testimony by the defence lawyers – overruled by the magistrate – Fields spoke for the government on two days of proceedings, 10-11 October. In his view, the 14 May bomb attack was a clear-cut case of terrorism. He testified that the US government considered it indiscriminate murder of civilians. He himself believes that Ziad is guilty. As he told the court, the government is determined that the political exception does not apply in this case, and ought not to apply in any case of terrorism.

However, as Abdeen Jabara, Ziad's lawyer, argued, the Congress has still to pass legislation defining precisely what it means by terrorism. In the absence of a vote, there is no statute to make the crucial distinctions that are the key to Ziad's fate.

When Jabara tried to introduce evidence and expert testimony on the political character of the Arab-Israeli conflict, on the history of Zionism, and on the PLO, the government objected, and magistrate Jurco refused to accept the evidence. When Jabara tried next to interrogate Fields on his and the Government's interpretation of the conflict in Palestine and of the PLO, he was blocked again. When he tried to have the court direct the Israeli government to identify whether any of those killed or wounded in the explosion were regular or paramilitary forces, the court denied the request pointblank. This was seriously prejudical, for the pending Terrorism Bill in Congress expressly excludes from its definition of terrorism acts 'committed in the course of military paramilitary operations directed essentially against military forces or military targets of a state or an organised armed group'.

Jabara says that the State Department's intervention in the Ziad case is without precedent. And the pressure has been so intense on the magistrate that at one point she appeared to concede her role as an element of the prosecution: 'I believe that insofar as I hear

the evidence in this case, I do this, of course, for the Department of State and the Secretary of State.'

TO DEAL WITH ARABS, Palestinians in particular, there are three ways in which Washington actively collaborates with the Israeli government. The first is to deny entry to Arabs seeking to enter the US on visits, for study, or for legal immigration. Alexandra Johnson, a former US consular official in Israel, testified at the Ziad hearing that her regular duties used to include keeping files on all Arabs arrested by the Israeli authorities. Whether they were convicted or not, she said, these files were frequently a basis for denial of visas.

The second method for controlling Arabs in the US is for the Immigration and Naturalisation Service (INS) to inititate deportation proceedings on word from the FBI or from Mossad, the Israeli intelligence agency, that they may be members of anti-Zionist organisations, or may have taken part in (legal) demonstrations. The third way is, of course, extradition.

Her 20-page judgment which found Ziad extraditable accepts every statement in the confession supplied by the Israelis as true. Although the American courts have refused in the past to accept statements given by witnesses to foreign magistrates without cross-examination, on this occasion Olga Jurco was willing to accept a Jewish magistrate's claim that the confessions were understood by the two Arabs because 'he had conversed with them in Arabic'.

On the argument that whatever had occurred in Tiberias had been a political attack, she ruled that it was impossible for her court to know whether a state of war existed between Israel, Jordan and the Palestinians, and that in any case 'the offences are viewed by the Department of State as common crimes and not offences of political character.

The government is taking no chances with letting the Jurco decision slip on appeal. The appellate court judge who has been assigned to hear the case is none other than Julius Hoffman – notorious for his prejudicial handling of the trial of the Chicago 7 radicals in 1966.

HOFFMAN, WHO IS 84, has been known by attorneys throughout his career as an inferior judge who has, in the words of one lawyer, 'a blind spot for the government'. He is well-known for his Jewish affiliations and lists himself in the Jewish Directory as a contributor to the Jewish Federation of Greater Chicago and as a member of Temple Sholom and of a largely Jewish club, The Standard. A millionaire, whose private wealth has mostly come from investments in the Brunswick Corporation, a company controlled by his wife's family and by him until his elevation to the bench. Hoffman is reported by Jewish fund-raisers in Chicago as 'a record contributor'. Most of this money is collected for Israel. An official for the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League in Chicago says that he 'has always operated in his personal and professional life as a Jew and supporting Jewish causes'. The B'nai B'rith recently initiated a letter-writing campaign to the Chicago press, trying to rouse public opinion in favour of Ziad's extradition and to block efforts by the Arab community to force Hoffman to remove himself from the case.

What is not generally recognised is that Hoffman and his family are financially tied to Israel in another, unadvertised way. The Brunswick Corporation is a billion-dollar enterprise manufacturing bowling, billiard, basketball and other sports equipment, as well as sophisticated components for missiles and other military weapons. Of likely but unconfirmed use to the Israeli war machine are drones Brunswick produces for use as targets for anti-ship missiles, electronic technology to jam anti-aircraft and missile radars, and rocket technology for development in Israel's ballistic missile programme.

A Brunswick headquarters spokesman says his company delivers all its military products to the US Defence Department, and denies knowing whether any of them are subsequently shipped to Israel. However, the parent company lists 35 subsidiaries around the world, including Brunswick-Israel Ltd (Tel Aviv), and any one of these may provide sales, service and technical facilities for Israel's military purposes. The spokesman refuses to disclose exactly what products the company exports to Israel, but he admits that there is trade.

The appeal of Ziad Abu Ain is due to take place on 9 February.

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ECONOMICS
Judith Cook

Cornwall's mackerel stocks are being wiped out by foreign ships

No fish for the small fry

UP UNTIL THE BEGINNING of this century, Cornwall's fragile economy was heavily dependent on the pilchards which came in great shoals every year. Now the 'huer's' huts where the watchmen kept a look-out for the shoals are roofless ruins on the cliffs and the lofts where the fish were salted are bijou flatlets for the holiday trade. Whether the pilchards were overfished or suddenly changed their habits is a matter for dispute among experts, but opinion has recently inclined towards the former theory. From what is now happening off the Cornish coast to the mackerel, it looks as if they will soon be going the same way.

For many years the mackerel was an underrated fish, given scant attention by the big fishing fleets. Inland they were considered poor man's fish and were always very cheap. Now there is no longer such a thing as cheap food and other kinds of fish have become more expensive and harder to find. The mackerel has grown rapidly in popularity – and smoked mackerel has even become a delicacy, with a thriving trade running it up to London. Hitherto, the big shoal of winter mackerel has been enormous, often stretching from Looe, just south of Plymouth, right around Land's End – that's 40 to 50 miles long, several miles across and hundreds of feet deep. But no shoal could withstand the hammering the mackerel have received this winter.

A 'quota' had been set for the year's fishing when the season began on 4 November, but the local fishermen said that some 130,000 tonnes were taken from the South West at the beginning of 1979 and 100,000 tonnes had already been fished off the Scottish coast earlier in the autumn – leaving only 60-80,000 tonnes for the South West for its entire season of four months.

By 3 November a number of huge Russian factory ships were standing off in the Atlantic about 20 miles away from the Cornish coast. In Falmouth Bay a dozen or more smaller factory ships were anchored, these coming from Roumania, Poland and East Germany. Using the quays of Falmouth shipyard, deserted now that British shipbuilders have virtually pulled out, were dozens and dozens of deep sea trawlers, from Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, even Egypt, along with the north country big boys from Fleetwood, Hull, Grimsby, Aberdeen and Fraserburgh. Others were tied up in Penzance Harbour, while out in Mount's Bay were still more, including Norwegian 'purse seiners', forbidden from fishing in that manner in their own home waters because it overfished Norway's own stocks.

A couple of days after the season began, following frantic calls to London, the government's man-in-charge of the fishing industry, Alick Buchanan-Smith, arrived: 'I am being kept in the picture by my experts', he said in answer to a question on overfishing at an impromptu Falmouth press conference. 'The amount of fish which can be taken is decided by my scientists. I am not a scientist, so I am taking their word for it.' Told that already gross breaches of the fishing regulations were taking place, he replied that he did not believe it. Fishery vessels were keeping an eye out, he said, as were the Customs and Excise.

NOW, THREE MONTHS LATER, the small fishermen are staring into disaster. Abuses in the regulations are commonplace. The big fishing trawlers, finding the price of mackerel falling, have started dumping. Hundreds of tons were dumped in Mount's Bay alone during the week of 7 January, while the sea bed in the Looe area was reported to be littered with dead mackerel, contaminating the white fish trawling grounds and driving other fish from the area.

Fishermen in the long-line boats fishing for white and flat fish, 20 or 30 miles off Land's End, will tell you all they see trawlers passing

Above: Cornish fisherman and catch. Above right: Russian factory ship. Right: Russian workers canning fish and – far right – sorting it on board.

Photos: Bo Bojesen

fish to the Russian Factory ships by the ton. If they have a limit of so many hundred tons, say the watchers, then who is to know when they land that amount at Newlyn or Falmouth that they have not already passed over a similar amount to a factory ship twelve hours earlier? A recent issue of *Fishing News* showed a discrepancy between the South West landing figures for January to March 1979 (129,000 tonnes) and the corresponding customs export figures of 221,000 tonnes.

British deep sea trawlers, too, are supposed to keep outside the three-mile limit to give the small boats a chance. But it is a common sight to see them virtually on top of the small boats, clearly visible from the shore. A case was reported to the Cornwall sea fisheries committee recently of six pairs of Scottish trawlers fishing in Falmouth bay on a single night in early January. Foreign trawlers are supposed to keep to the 12-mile limit, but some don't bother and others have found ways around it. One Norwegian ship changed its port of registration from Oslo to Penzance by the simple expedient of a British crew member forming a limited company based in Cambourne in Cornwall. So much for Alick Buchanan-Smith's fishery protection and hawk-eyed Excise men.

In a wave of enthusiasm last year, an expensive and sophisticated harbour extension scheme was started at Newlyn to try to deal with the enormous congestion. Falmouth shopkeepers rubbed their hands over the monthly visits of the Russian crews from the factory ships, who were expected to spend a great deal of money this winter – some sources put the figure as high as £2 millions – on car tyres, stereos, washing machines, fridges, radios, carpets, curtains and clothes from Marks and Spencer.

BUT THERE IS NO DOUBT that the small local fishermen have been the losers. Catches fell as soon as the trawlers arrived (the inshore men had been allowed a two-week start). The small boats vary from tiny punts, eight feet long with one man and an outboard motor, to boats of 20 to 30 feet worked by three or four men. Out of the money earned from a catch on the bigger boats come two shares for the boat, one for the owner and one for the skipper if they are different people, or one for the owner/skipper. The balance is shared among the rest of the crew. It is easy to see what happens when the catch falls off drastically.

'The trawlers have all sorts of sophisticated sounding gear', the Harbour Master explained. 'They can pick out a shoal exactly and can scoop up the fish where they are bunched together in the middle of it. Small boats with hand lines find the fish have scattered by the time they reach them.'

Faced with hurricane force gales just before Christmas and disappearing fish in the New Year, some boats have stopped going out altogether. Many men are announcing that they will have to go out of business, others say they will actually go bankrupt. A typical example is a fisherman who said that the arrival of the trawlers meant his catch dropped away from a ton a week to around 300-400 lbs – in other words, a financial loss of £700-800.

Alick Buchanan-Smith's team of scientists is supposed to be trundling down to Cornwall before the end of the month to see what the position is. Their visit is regarded with total cynicism by those who have been giving warnings for years. The writing, they say, is already on the wall. The same happened to the herring fishery, as indeed it did to the pilchards, but after the mackerel there is nothing.

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London Diary

☐ Last month I was able to open this diary with news of sinners come to repentance: Lord Aldington of GEC and Bill Deedes of the *Telegraph* springing into environmentalist battle against the CEGB's plans for despoiling the Kentish countryside which they know, love and own substantial chunks of. Now I can report that Lord Greenhill, once of the FO and since then of many boardrooms, has become a passionate adherent of corporate responsibility. How moving to read his words, in a glossy little number called the *Chelwood Review*:

> . . . 'correct' commercial behaviour should always be observed, and appropriate social responsibility willingly accepted . . . absolute necessity for the great companies to give convincing evidence of good behaviour . . . companies must go beyond what is just 'correct' and accept a measure of social responsibility . . . 'must demonstrably be good citizens' . . . etc etc

Clearly, this man has been seared by his time as a government director of BP – by the discovery that, all unknown to him, the company was expediting Rhodesia's oil-supplies, circumventing the law of the land, and arranging to have Parliament hornswoggled. It has brought him to the light – and I have personal knowledge of how black was the darkness within which once he lay. Long before the sanctions story hit the fan, I assisted a team which exposed BP (and all the Seven Sisters) for having conducted wholesale bribery and corruption in Italy. I called Greenhill and asked him if he felt – as a director – that Britain's publicly-controlled oil company ought to be undermining the democracy of an allied nation. After a thoughtful pause, Greenhill said: 'Oughtn't you to reflect on your own motivations in asking such a question?'

Now, he understands. One doubt, however, lingers. *Chelwood Review* is the journal of British-American Tobacco (BATs), whose board he now adorns, and whose 'social responsibility' in Third World operations received a less-than-glowing notice from War on Want last year. Could this be another case of the tribute paid by vice to virtue?

☐ The *Sun*, that thoughtful journal, forbids Senator Kennedy to speak on Irish questions in Dublin. 'To do so would be cynical, opportunist and unscrupulous even by Teddy's standards . . . (is he) willing to buy votes at the cost of even one more life?' There are, of course, plenty of things to criticise about Edward Kennedy: but he has earned his right to speak on Ireland by careful and sustained attention to its affairs, during which time he has consistently avoided the cheap and easy gesture. Can the same be said of the *Sun*, whose episodic Irish cover was characteristically represented in the same issue? ULSTER PEACE MUM IN HORROR SUICIDE was its headline for the death of Mrs Anne Maguire.

☐ Professor Wilkes's *Dictionary of Australian Colloquialisms* gives two, related meanings for the word 'dag' – originally 'hard or soft dung hanging from the breech of a sheep', now any 'would-be dashing and stylish fellow . . .(an) eccentric'. A certain egregious absurdity clings to the dag, with implications of reluctant, head-shaking affection. One cannot hate a dag.

Judge, then, the wild surmise forming in the breast of Tony Clifton, correspondent for *Newsweek*, but a native of Birregurra, Aust., when he found some demonstrators outside the US Embassy in Tehran who carried a banner saying

> CARTER YOU ARE A DAG AND A DANKEY.

Under questioning about the meaning of the second term, it emerged that their English orthography was amiss, and they meant to call him a *dog* and a *donkey*. Chance, however, had surely led them to the appropriate epithet.

☐ Mr Harold Smith of Putney sends us a remarkable example of bibliography as political forecasting. In 1970, entry No. 523 in J. L. Altholz's *Victorian England 1837-1901* (Cambridge) said:

> Jenkins, Roy. ASQUITH. A good biography by a potential successor.

At the moment, of course, it looks as though it is the Asquith of 1916 whose path Mr Jenkins is following.

☐ I offer, for any new edition of the *Despot's Handbook and Bloody Oppressor's Compendium*, the following slight paraphrase of Humbert Wolfe:

> You cannot hope to bribe or twist
> Thank God, the modern journalist.
> But much the same effect can be
> Achieved by 'hospitality'.

At its most effective, this hospitality consists in objects of *vertu* rather than in food and drink. There is a certain type of journalist who routinely leaves the Gulf with a left arm that cannot rise above waist-level, due to the encrustation of solid-gold timepieces. Rugs, notoriously, are another way of conveying esteem, regard and what-have-you without the sordidness of a cash transaction.

Occasionally, though, the machinery blows a fuse, and I hear by roundabout means from a Saudi journalist of a most embarrassing case which concluded a recent jamboree in one of the Gulf states. At the last moment the Minister of the Interior conceived (wrongly) a dreadful fear that no suitable gifts had been distributed. The planeload of fearless investigators was about to take off, when a minion burst into the cabin showering everyone with bundles of notes. Embarrassment, even anger, was generated on all sides: the Meaning of This was loudly questioned. 'Well', said the helpless lackey, 'it's just that this is Friday in a Moslem country, and the shops are all shut. Would you mind taking the money and buying yourselves watches at the other end?'

☐ No press can rival Britain's in ability to generate volumes of ersatz moral indignation from the barest minimum of inquiry. I spent some hours the other day going round Islington Green comprehensive school – whose exam record I recently defended against ill-computed assaults. Now, the school is under attack ('This place of garbage' – *News of the World*) because a group of its students can be heard as backing on that Pink Floyd disc which says 'We don't need no educashun'. Even the estimable Clive James in the *Observer* contributed to the mauling, though he did change course when some of the basic facts were communicated to him.

Islington Green's head of music, Alan Renshaw, might be mildly described as a remarkable character. He is able to get excellent performances from children in almost any sort of work, from baroque chamber-music to big-band jazz. Last month, with the participation of 200 children, he staged an original opera, *Requiem for a Sinking Block of Flats* (Richard Rodney Bennett was a previous year's Christmas offering), in which only the most daunting orchestral parts were taken by adults. The music was admittedly not easy: it was Renshaw's own, and he has some reputation as a contemporary composer. Sadly, this is visible more in Germany and America than in Britain: notoriously, the conservatism of our concert audience discourages new music. He did indeed take a group of children to record on a Pink Floyd session: no doubt thinking that recording experience would expand their musical abilities, perhaps thinking that any corruption deriving from the Pink Floyd's words might be less than the cultural erosion suffered from the regularly deployed example of the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Express* (which has added its voice in denunciation). Renshaw has since gone to Chicago for a performance of some of his music, and travels on for his first visit to Australia, where they would like him to stay. I think I would mind all this less were not the *NoW* and the *Sunday Express* such strongholds of that set of values which cannot tell K.447 (or the Webster solo on *Cottontail*) from the Grenadier Guards playing *Land of Hope and Glory*. To make another cultural reference which I am going to be too damned elitist to explain, every time I come on the British pop press dealing with education, it reminds me of that Breughel drawing called *The Sleeping Tinker Surrounded by Monkeys*.

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mrs Rose's late brother-in-law, Harold Rose, was a Finchley Liberal councillor and was a leading light in the twinning of the borough with Jinja, Uganda. If other boroughs had followed suit and established links with African countries much trouble might have been avoided over the years, she added. – *Hendon Times* (Brendan Pender)

☐ Woodspring councillor Ken Cordery of Nailsea said he had been approached by a householder who was considering a shelter but did not want his name or address revealed if he went ahead with the project. 'The resident feels that if the location of his shelter was common knowledge then neighbours would make a bee-line for it if there was a nuclear attack,' said councillor Cordery. – *Bristol Evening Post* (Kate MacPherson)

☐ Coachbuilders were told to paint the fleet number '3' on Ipswich's new dog patrol van. But it went on the road yesterday with a painting of a tree instead. A council officer said he believed 'the traditional Irish difficulty' in pronouncing 'three' was responsible for the blunder. – *Daily Express* (Peter Davies)

☐ There is, however, cheering news from Renato Olins of the Marriage Guidance Council. Marriage, she says, will continue to be terrifically popular. 'More and more people will try to fit more and more marriages into their lifetimes.' – *The Times* (Lady Cooper)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Militant

From Nick Bradley

I was astonished to read Patrick Wintour's 'analysis' of Militant (NS 18 January). Over the past few months the NEW STATESMAN has moved significantly to the left. However, Patrick Wintour's article would have been much better received in the *Sunday Express* – or another similar paper – where fervent attacks of the left appear every week.

Wintour's article is completely devoid of any analysis of the policies of Militant and confines itself totally to 'pub gossip' in the best tradition of the gutter press.

The privately owned Fleet Street press have started a witch-hunting campaign not just against Militant but the entire left of the Labour Party. Faced with a deepening economic crisis and the failure of the last Labour Government to tackle it, the Labour movement has turned to more radical and socialist solutions to our every-day problems. The decisions of the last Labour Party Conference to begin a democratisation of the Labour Party and to make Labour MPs more accountable has terrified both the Tory press and the right-wing of the Labour Party. The press and Patrick Wintour see movements to the left as the result of 'conspiracies' and 'plots', which is completely false. In fact, such an approach is one of complete contempt for members of the Labour Party and the Young Socialists, regarding them as brainless voting fodder rather than as ordinary thinking people who are able to make up their own minds about issues by listening and participating in debates.

Wintour launches an incredible attack on Labour's youth organisation which has played a magnificent role in developing the Labour Party and bringing back some of the traditions and ideas of the pioneers of our movement. Indeed, dozens of Labour MPs have testified to the sterling work put in by the Young Socialists in countless local and parliamentary elections. The plain fact is that the LPYS has grown in both size and influence since supporters of Militant won a majority on the LPYS National Committee. Wintour's comparison with Western European youth movements is completely false. As he well knows, *all* members of the Western social democratic parties who are under the age of 30 (or 35 in the case of some) are automatically regarded as members of their youth organisations.

This does not make them active members. I have attended quite a few social democratic youth conferences in Western Europe which bear this out and many of our sister organisations in Europe envy the LPYS who can organise demonstrations of 4,000 and 5,000 people.

The NEW STATESMAN would have done much better to reprint a speech made by Tony Benn during the controversy over the appointment of Andy Bevan as Labour's National Youth Officer when he pointed out: 'I hope the National Executive will recognise the importance of preserving the legitimacy of all the many philosophical streams that have led our movement, and will make it its business ultimately to defend those who are vilified by the Tory Party and Tory press for adhering to any of them.' Marxism is not some alien strand of opinion. It has been a significant component part of the Labour Party since its inception. Press hysteria about 'entrism' and Wintour's comments about 'parasitism' can be seen in the same light as the infamous Zinoviev letter and Churchill's 1945 Labour gestapo attack. Militant has played a vital role in the Labour Party in stimulating debate and in bringing back into prominence the role of Marxist ideas. Indeed Tony Benn remarks in his book *Arguments for Socialism*: 'Marx and Engels, Rosa Luxemburg and Trotsky, together with a whole range of foreign socialist philosophers, have been read by British socialists as we have developed our own home-grown beliefs in freedom, democracy and equality, and this is reflected in the constitution of the Labour Party.'

435 New Cross Road, London SE14

From Chris Mullin

I don't like to spoil a good story, but the suggestion that more Militant supporters than Tribunites attend Labour Party conferences as delegates is quite misleading and undermines the credibility of Paul Whiteley and Ian Gordon's otherwise interesting survey (NS January 11). It is possible to quantify almost exactly the number of Militant delegates by noting the number of votes attracted by their candidates for the constituency section of the National Executive Committee. Last year Ray Apps received 73,000 and Pat Wall 69,000, compared with a Tribunite vote that varied between 245,000 (Jo Richardson) and 484,000 (Neil Kinnock) – Tony Benn not being a member of the Tribune Group.

The statement that 'there is no doubt who would be the next leader if it were up to constituency delegates to decide' is also – regrettably – quite misleading. Although Mr Benn is overwhelmingly the most popular candidate with the constituencies, the survey omits to mention that 90 per cent of the conference vote lies with trade union delegates.

Take it easy lads. If you carry on like this you'll give poor Reg Underhill a heart attack.

206 Brixton Road, London SW9

Girls at school

From Michael Marland

May I add a footnote to the admirably full and clear account (NS 11 January) of the conference which I devised for 'Organisation in School Courses'?

The delegates clearly felt an urgent need for action: it is now five years since the Sex Discrimination Act and we can hardly say schools have responded to its implications fully. The conference took three steps: (a) Delegates signed a petition letter to the Secretary of State, urging stronger government leadership; (b) A large number of delegates pledged money to support any appeal on the Helen Whitfield case (see NS 14 December); (c) Delegates set up a pilot steering group to try to establish a national association of those concerned with working towards sexual equality in schools. Anyone interested in the latter should write to Dr Eileen Bryne at: Fallowdon, 53 Constable Drive, Marple Bridge, Cheshire, SK6 5BG.

22 Compton Terrace, London N1

Respecting Islam

From Michael Brett

I hesitate to comment upon books which I have not seen; however, if I wait until the recent translations of the writings of the Ayatollah Khomeini become generally available in this country, the moment for comment upon David Caute's 'Ayatollah's Christmas Message' (NS 21/28 December) will have passed. Some general remarks at least are called for. I enjoyed the piece; the juxtaposition of apparent incongruities is always good for a smile. It would, however, be a pity if people concluded from it, or any other extracts from the versions of the Ayatollah Khomeini's writings just published in France, that the Ayatollah is little better than a dirty old man. The whole subject of ritual purity is a large topic of Islamic Law, so that no-one need be astonished when one of the professional scholars of that Law chooses to write about it. That the Ayatollah has done so says nothing about his character. Its relationship to his career as a revolutionary I cannot judge without seeing the books, but in principle it is no more, if no less, relevant than the professional concerns of the many English lawyers who have taken to politics are to their activities as MPs.

As to the topic itself, it is one in which Islam makes specific provisions in matters which may not be the subject of legislation in Western societies. These matters are nevertheless of both legal and moral concern to British culture, even if that concern is distributed among canon law, traditional morality, common law, and the mass of considerations taken into account in divorce and other cases.

I happen to think that both the death penalty and corporal punishment are wrong wherever they are found. When David Caute refers disparagingly to flogging and cutting off the hand, however, I hope that his target is narrower than the general attitude of his article would suggest. To borrow an expression from our common Biblical heritage, we should not lightly cast the first stone at Islam in general. Drastic punishments for what we now think of as trivial offences are not too far distant in the English past; we have only just finished rehearsing yet again the arguments over the death penalty. A system like that of Islam, based upon a divine Law which regularly admits of interpretation and adaptation, may not be too badly placed in relation to a human law like ours, which in itself and in its application can fall very far short of the ideal.

SOAS, University of London, WC1

From Assad Ullah

Not only as a Muslim, but also as a human being with a respect for all people's religions (a part of the Islamic teaching given to us in the Holy Quran), I must protest to you in regard to your published article by David Caute. Never, with the sole exception of times I have seen racist and fascist literature, have I been so torn to my Muslim heart, which, it appears, Mr Caute does not give one iota for.

If you wish to drive Muslims away from all progressive political forces, continue as you are. Freedom is a fine word, but freedom to insult and offend people owing to their religion is not on.

6 Woodland Road, Northfield, Birmingham

14 Economic building blocks

From Professor Patrick Minford

Professor David Hendry (NS 7 December) has already commented on your misunderstanding of his Inaugural Lecture. I would like to add two points. The proposition that growth in the domestic money supply causes domestic inflation is one that applies to an economy on a floating exchange rate or to a closed economy (e.g. the world economy). It is quite inappropriate, as he would acknowledge, to test it by running a regression over the fixed rate period.

Furthermore, the proposition is derived from a model of the whole economy, of which there are three 'building blocks': (1) there is a demand for money function; (2) output tends to some level which is determined by *supply* factors (as delivered by, e.g. the 'Phillips curve'); (3) the supply of money is controlled by the authorities at rates of growth *they* determine (hence floating exchange rates, otherwise changes in the exchange reserves can frustrate the authorities' attempts).

These building blocks are now standard even in 'neo-Keynesian' models such as the Treasury's and the NIESR's; those in your columns and elsewhere who attack monetarism ought to be aware of this.

The propositions about the real national debt and the real PSBR miss the point. (It is equally true that the real money supply has not grown very much.) These things measure the real amounts of these assets that the private sector wishes to hold. The point is that inflation, and inflation-induced interest rate changes, adjusts their nominal holdings to the desired real level.

There is a long-standing literature in economics (on the so-called 'real balance effect') which explains this point in the context of money. But more generally the only way in which an economy can absorb a large stream of new financial assets is by devaluing the existing stock, through inflation, at the same rate as the stream injects new assets. This is why there have to be reductions both in public sector borrowing and in money supply growth.

University of Liverpool, Eleanor Rathbone Building PO Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX

Never never use

From David Benedictus

Ian Flintoff (NS 11 January) accuses me of enjoying squalor-in-art for its own sake. I accuse him of ignorance. Surely every NS reader should recognise a quote from *HMS Pinafore* when they see one?

20 Alexandra Road, East Twickenham, Middx

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Water water everywhere

Some thoughtful readers of this column, warm-hearted enough to worry and to wonder how we in Devon have fared during the recent (I write in early January) and disastrous floods, have taken time off to send me letters of kind enquiry and I have been able to answer with, though solely as regards myself, reassuring picture post-cards (Exeter Cathedral, West Front). Although it is said that seven inches of rain fell on Dartmoor during one twenty-four hour period, 'Myrtle-bank' stood nobly up to the watery results, even though on one side of it flows the swollen millstream, threatening at any moment to burst its banks, while my spacious grounds are intersected in two places by brooks that became in no time raging torrents. My bathroom ceiling did, it is true, spring a leak and a depressing black patch has appeared, but this will shortly be put to rights by our invaluable local all-purpose handyman (Bill, to me, and widely appreciated). The bathroom has one of those flat roofs beloved of architects but not of me, which are covered in sheets of some tarry substance reminiscent of a road surface and on which water often stands for days before evaporating. Nobody can tell me that this is in any way a sensible arrangement. 'Just asking for trouble' is how I myself phrase it.

But elsewhere in Appleton things were far less good. We stand on the side of a hill, rivulets everywhere and with Dartmoor just over the horizon. Normally small streams became abnormally large streams and one of them decided to flow straight through the cosy bar parlour of our thatched village inn, both disrupting trade and the easy exchange of gossip (price of ewes at Crediton) and causing a closure, if such it can be called with the door wide open to let the water out. Our shops suffered. The charming assistants (two) in the grocer's spent all day damply dabbing. My friends the Davenants, who live in the valley and right alongside the Teign, observed the river rising at an alarming rate and, sensibly rolling up their Aubusson carpet and putting it out of harm's way, fled to higher ground, and just in time (three feet of water in their drawing room). Elsewhere, stone walls were brushed aside as though constructed of cardboard, cars were overturned and tractors and other valuable motorised farming contrivances ended up in the river itself. The village's fine communal spirit was on all sides *en évidence* with everybody helping everybody else as best they could.

How strange that our recent superfluity of water (really the only feature of our life here that has ever to my knowledge linked Appleton in any way with poor old drowned Ophelia) should have reminded me of 1935 and of my first association with the NS (Christmas book reviews of girls' school stories – well, one has to start somewhere). I never dared, or indeed had occasion, to visit the NS offices until well after the war and in 1935 I had, for some reason, great difficulty in remembering its precise whereabouts and in particular its postal district of WC1. The 1930s were, amongst other things, the heyday of something called Pelmanism which had, with other advantages, some trouble-free and simple system of committing facts to memory. Struggling to find some way of memorising WC1, I inverted it in my mind to One WC and at once a lively picture appeared of a somewhat congested lavatory life in Great Turnstile with just the one apparatus available. I fancied that I saw Desmond MacCarthy happily closeted, with the awesome figure of Kingsley Martin rattling wildly at the door, and Messrs Pritchett and Stonier biting their nails and wistfully wondering when their turn would come. Not even the eventual discovery that 10 Great Turnstile is lavishness itself with regard to numerous and commodious lavatories has ever shaken my firm grip on WC1, enshrined for ever on Memory's Tablets.

As soon as the waters had subsided (like old Noah, one opened a window and peered out) and the roads out of the village were once more clear, I pressed into Exeter, ten miles away, by car (I travel at a steady 34 mph, revving up and scorching along at 42 mph in really favourable conditions and if I'm in carefree mood), bound for our extremely handsome SWEB shop which stands just off the largely rebuilt High Street (it will be recalled that hateful Hitler's bombs made a mess of much of the beautiful old city). You'll, naturally, need some help with the initials SWEB. They stand for South Western Electricity Board, a body with whom I have an entirely cordial relationship, apart from the outrageous cost of their main commodity, for every year they send me a generous cheque for the sum of 80p. The cheque bears two printed legends. One says, and in really very large letters, NOT OVER FIVE POUNDS (indeed not, and no need to rub it in). The other says WAYLEAVE ACCOUNT. A 'wayleave' is, if I've got it right and if you yourself aren't up in wayleaves, a permission to allow some public body access to your property in some way, provided that, or so it seems to me, the said access is a visible one. For example, I allowed a sizeable electric cable to run underground across my orchard (trenches were dug, and I feared for a moment that the tiny trout in the stream would get electrocuted) and about which, as nothing can now be seen, SWEB are financially and modestly silent. However, the delightful sum of 80p comes from two telegraph poles that, together with their accompanying wires, grace the property at one remote corner. I could legally, apparently, request SWEB at any moment to take them away, but what madness this would be with the yearly 80p to pocket. Nor do I include the figure in my Income Tax return, not regarding it as income, and if the Inspector chances to read this bold confession, my answer to him is, quite simply, 'Boo!'.

The purpose of my SWEB visit was to purchase what, for a reason subsequently made clear, I must refer to as 'a certain appliance', even though those words always seem to suggest something furtive and medical (The Hey-Presto Pile Remover). To aid me, an assistant came forward in the shape of a Polite Young Man, or PYM for short, for I must not be more precise. The electrical purchase once made, in an exchange of courtesies, I also bought a plug to go with it and I then requested that the plug be attached to the wires of the apparatus so that, on arriving home, I could bring it into joyous life and make immediate use of it. And at this point, Mr Pym looked very downcast and, backing away a little, started to talk about the electricians' union. He seemed to be suggesting that this delicate part of the proceeding could only be performed by a member of the union. 'Then by all means lead one forward' I cried, cooperative as ever and with a big welcome on my face. There were, said Mr Pym in a melancholy manner, none on the premises. I must return home and summon one from elsewhere, at a cost, I should think, of at least a fiver, and I already hold the SW record for Tardy Arrival of Electrician (3½ months).

I do not at all approve of people who make rows in shops, or indeed anywhere, but I did at this point just slightly raise my voice. 'Do you mean to tell me', I bleated, such anguish in my tones that people buying eye-level grills swung round in dismay, 'that in this vast shop, the fountain-head of all that is brightest and best in SWEB and the electrical world in general, there is not one single person legally capable of fitting a plug to an appliance?' As the words 'Kindly lead me to the manager' were plainly hovering on my lips, Mr Pym consented, lowering his voice and looking anxiously over his shoulder, to fix the plug himself (locked in the lavatory, I can only suppose), adding that in this case no responsibility could be taken if the appliance, or indeed myself, subsequently exploded and burst into flames. Happily, so deft was Mr Pym, it has behaved itself perfectly and observe how carefully I for my part have protected the identity of my benefactor. But the fact that I have to do so, in case the electricians' union get ratty with Polite Young Men, is a condemnation of such a dotty system. Here again, my answer is a loud and defiant 'Boo!'.

Roger Woddis

Nerves, 1980

(After 'Nerves – 2 September 1939', by 'Sagittarius')

I think I'll get a paper,
I think I'll break a date;
I think I'll have an early night,
I think I'll stay out late.

It's like the Cuban missiles
In 1962.
I can't think why I'm shaking,
Perhaps it's just the 'flu.

I couldn't eat a morsel,
I think I'll cook some grub.
I feel like getting good and pissed,
I can't afford the pub.

They're moving the Olympics
To Mablethorpe-on-Sea.
The Russians are in Pakistan,
It doesn't bother me.

I think I'll take a shower.
I'd better pay some bills.
I can't decide between the box
And taking to the hills.

No point in being nervous,
The nation's standing fast.
Suppose there is another war,
It's sure to be the last.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Terry Eagleton

Reconciliation with Reality

Georg Lukács: From Romanticism to Bolshevism by MICHAEL LÖWY *New Left Books* £10.95

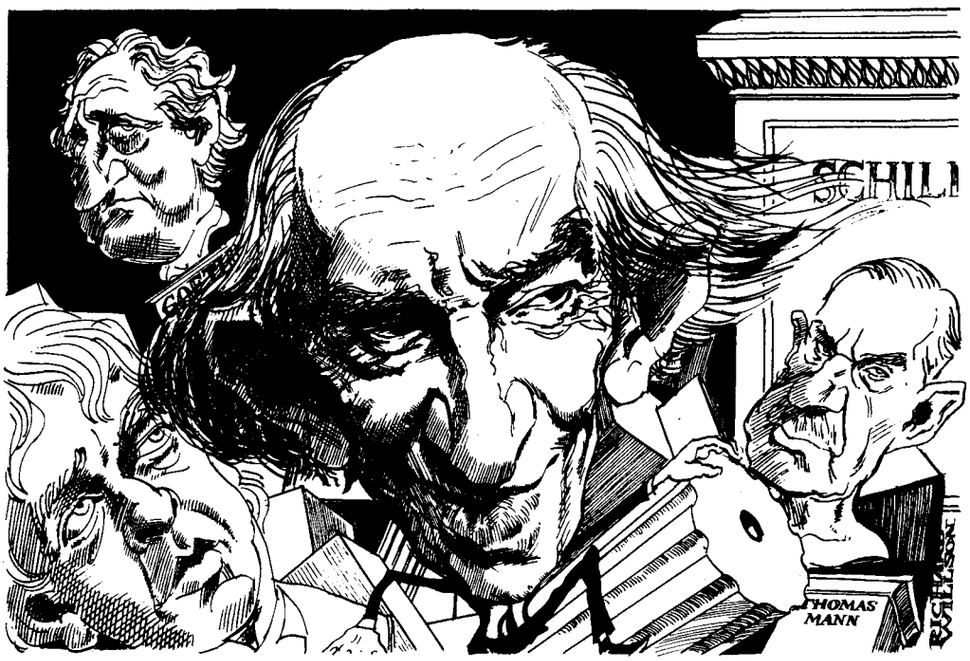
The Young Lukács and the Origins of Western Marxism by ANDREW ARATO & PAUL BREINES *Pluto Press* £10 & £4.95

In recent years, students of Marxism bemused by the mysteries of Georg Lukács have been able to console themselves with the thought that he wasn't much cop anyway. Had not Lukács been unmasked as a 'humanist', 'historicist' and 'romantic anti-capitalist' by the Marxist structuralists of the left bank? If you didn't know what 'historicist' meant, you could still economise on some heavy reading by just dismissing him as a Stalinist. Lukács rapidly became the theoretical whipping boy of the Left, an Hegelian in Marxist clothing who clung nostalgically to 'social wholeness' and failed to see that realism in art was inherently reactionary. Former acolytes weaned on *The Historical Novel* turned and stabbed the high priest in the back with the blunt end of a decentred structure. Having sweated over the concept of reification, you had to forget it all straight away; hours of study went down the drain overnight, and copies of *Studies in European Realism* were surreptitiously removed from bookshelves.

It would be too much to suggest that these two new studies signal a 'revival' of the long-persecuted Lukács, mainly because most of what the Parisian structuralists said about him was true. Lukács is indeed for the most part an idealist in Marxist clothing, but his idealism is at least as interesting as that of his leading protagonist, Louis Althusser. And now that we are supposed to be in a post- (or even post-post) Althusserian phase, it may be worth returning to Lukács to see whether we can make something more of him than a latter-day Quixote who mistook the working class for the World Spirit.

Michael Löwy's erudite study of Lukács's career, and Arato and Breines's lucid, vigorous survey of his early years, both highlight one remarkable fact: the almost preternatural *consistency* of a man who started out as a pseudo-mystic and ended up as a Stalinist. How did this happen? The early Lukács who won the friendship of Max Weber's famous 'Heidelberg group' before the first world war was indeed a romantic anti-capitalist, agonised by the conflict between 'authentic' values and a sordidly rationalised world. At this gloomy point, the formative influences on him were legion: young Lukács mixed Kierkegaard's austere hunger for the Absolute with Dilthey's heady vitalism, Weber's patrician distaste for modern society with Ernst Bloch's fervent utopianism. *The Theory of the Novel* (1916) presents a tragic vision of man's 'transcendental homelessness' in a world which has lost the organic totality of ancient life; but only two years later Lukács was to rediscover that mythical totality in Marxism and join the Hungarian Communist Party.

His politics at that time were rabidly ultra-leftist: if the proletariat was the latest embodiment of the Hegelian World Spirit, then it could surely have no truck with the gross manoeuvres of social democracy. Appointed commissar for education and culture in the ill-fated Hungarian soviet republic of 1919, Lukács emerged from his first bruising encounter with *Realpolitik* to produce in 1923 the century's most masterly text in Hegelian Marxism, *History and Class Consciousness*. Marxism, he argued there, must be reclaimed from the crude fatalism of 'dialectical materialism' and returned to its true revolutionary roots in the Hegelian dialectic. The working class was the bearer of potentially universal values, which it would realise by seeing through the reifications of capitalism.



History and Class Consciousness stirred up shockwaves from which Western Marxism is still reeling. Denounced by the Kremlin ('If we get a few more of these professors spinning out their Marxist theories we shall all be lost', shrieked the panic-stricken Zinoviev), its influence can nevertheless be traced all the way to the American New Left of the 1960s. Arato and Breines describe the work as 'a text whose remarkable originality nearly compensated for its tragic and fatal flaws', and nobody could fence-sit more judiciously than that. The flaws, in a book which makes the grotesquely comic claim that Marxism would survive as a method even if its every doctrine was disproved, are palpable enough. Lukács seems to think that the working class are in trouble because they are reified rather than exploited, stakes everything on 'consciousness' rather than material conditions, and bemoans bourgeois rationality in a spirit not far removed from plain irrationalism. But the originality is equally striking: in a brilliant anticipation of Marx's still undiscovered early writings, Lukács includes a chapter on 'Reification and the Consciousness of the Proletariat' which even the most pious Marxist structuralists have had to struggle hard to ignore.

Anxious to appease an angry Comintern, Lukács next produced a more orthodox book on Lenin, who had just died. But the death of Lenin meant the rise of Stalin, and a consequent dilemma for Lukács. Either he could toe the line and retain the party card which he once described as his entry ticket to history, or he could follow his fellow-philosopher Karl Korsch out of the party. Lukács chose the first path, stoically re-enacting the later Hegel's 'reconciliation with reality'. The ultra-leftist Lukács became the author of the prudent 'Blum Theses' of 1928, which proposed a non-sectarian way forward for the Hungarian CP. Unfortunately, just as he was laboriously adjusting himself to Stalinist reality, Stalinism itself was becoming increasingly surreal. The 'Blum Theses' came at a point where the Kremlin was swinging towards a crazed ultra-leftism, and poor Lukács was caught badly on the hop. From then on, until the end of his life, he took refuge in literary criticism: if the 'totality' was less and less visible in history, it could at least be detected in the harmonious unity of the realist novel.

Gareth Stedman Jones has perceptively described the later Lukács as combining an outward acceptance of Stalinism with an internal, aesthetic contempt for it. This is true, but it shouldn't be taken to exculpate the intellectual crimes of a man who, when he did finally get round to rejecting Stalinism, rejected it as, of all things, a 'leftist' deviation. Lukács, as Michael Löwy illuminatingly shows, was always on the right wing of the Comintern, favouring an alliance with the 'progressive' bourgeoisie. When Stalinism lurched to the 'left', he was regularly out in the cold; when it veered to the right, he was back at the lecture podium. In this sense he was certainly consistent, despite the tragicomic frequency of his self-criticisms; as Löwy points out, it wasn't so much that Lukács zig-zagged, rather that he stood still

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and the Comintern zig-zagged around him. Lukács's welcoming attitude to the best of the bourgeois tradition, in both politics and literature, is the connecting link between his early philosophy, inherited as it was from the great bourgeois idealists, and his later politics. It's in this unwavering emphasis on the *continuity* between Marxism and the Enlightenment that both the originality and the fatal flaws of Lukács can be seen to lie, not least in his literary criticism. For if he was on the one hand able to offer some of the profoundest comments on bourgeois realism that the century has yet seen, he was also the aloof classicist who could see little in the century's foremost revolutionary artist, Bertolt Brecht.

Both of these books are impressively alert to the complexities of their subject, and neither lapses into mere eulogy or polemic. The absence of eulogy is particularly gratifying in the case of Arato and Breines, both of whom hail from the editorial board of the American journal *Telos*, which hasn't been notably critical of Lukács in the past. What criticisms they have, however, are launched largely from the standpoint of a 'humanistic' Marxism which apparently accepts Lukács's contention that 'reification' is the central problem of capitalist society, and counterposes all this to a 'dogmatic' Marxism which indifferently includes both Lenin and Stalin. Lukács is rapped gently over the knuckles for his 'myth' of the revolutionary working class – a fashionable enough gesture among American left-wing intellectuals. And since they take us only as far as *History and Class Consciousness,* it's possible for them implicitly to use the early Lukács against the later, ignoring the crucial continuities between them.

Michael Löwy's book is less a blow-by-blow account of Lukács than a powerfully distancing reflection on his intellectual career. In 200 pages he weaves together a brilliant sketch of the 'anti-capitalist intelligentsia' of Lukács's early years with detailed portraits of the figures around Lukács and a masterly summary of his relationship to Stalinism. Lukács himself is kept well to the fore, but the book as a whole is a fine evocation of the *milieu* in which he grew, alive with the air he breathed.

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Roger Riddell

A Luta Continua

Aid In Africa by GUY ARNOLD *Kogan Page* £10 & £5.95
The Politics of Africa: Dependence and Development edited by Timothy M. Shaw & Kenneth A. Heard *Longman* £11.75
Peasants and Proletarians edited by Robin Cohen, Peter C. W. Gutkind & Phyllis Brazier *Hutchinson* £8.95 & £4.50
The State and Revolution in Eastern Africa by JOHN S. SAUL *Heinemann* £3.95
Cities of Peasants by BRYAN ROBERTS *Arnold* £9.50 & £4.95
Slums of Hope? by PETER LLOYD *Penguin* £1.25

The saddest irony of the boom in publication of books on the Third World in the last decade or so is that very few in these countries will ever read what has been written about them. Some 800 billion people in the less developed countries are living in abject poverty, unable even to buy the basic necessities of life, and almost the same number are surviving only just above the breadline. The ever-increasing debt of Third World countries, from $74 billion in 1970 to a staggering $321 billion in 1978, means that developing countries are finding it more difficult to purchase the necessary means to raise the standard of living of their people. The response of the industrialised world to this growing crisis has neither been to increase aid nor to take seriously demands by the South for a restructuring of the world economy. Instead, governments of the industrialised world have moved to protect their economies from the 'unfair' competition of Third World imports.

The present selection of books, concerned mostly with the problems of Africa, provides a representative cross-section of this growing literature. Most are good on analysis, few are optimistic about the future but none brings us any further forward in our understanding of how things will improve.

For most Third World countries, the roots of poverty are to be found in economic structures moulded in the colonial era by the dominant industrialised nations into 'junior partner' dependent relationships which political independence has been unable to change. While external dominance remains an overriding constraint, internal development can be assisted or frustrated by the role of the state and the power of the various groups and emergent classes to promote either their own or the national interest. It is here that the ideological perspective of the various authors leads them to either optimistic or pessimistic conclusions about the different economic strategies pursued in different African countries. In general, the further left one moves, the greater the emphasis is placed on grass roots participation and the smaller the emphasis is placed on external links, imported technology and capital goods.

However, the goal of self-reliance has often given way to economic pragmatism particularly as the most socialist-orientated countries of Africa, such as Tanzania and Mozambique, tend also to be among the poorest on the continent. As many of the population live so near the breadline, governments wishing to break out of external dependence have little room for manoeuvre. Such is the nature of the world system in which poor countries find themselves today, that not even revolution provides the hoped for instant solution, however attractive this option appears to radical western readers. For as Frelimo continually stresses in Mozambique, revolution is a continuous process: *A luta continua.*

Aid In Africa provides an up-to-date picture of the way that finance and technology have been transferred from the developed world, both East and West, to Africa in the post-colonial period. Arnold's thesis is that aid has not helped the development of Africa, in particular the shift to a more self-reliant pattern of economic development. He argues, however, that this should not surprise us because 'no matter how most aid policies are presented, aid, in fact, is an arm of foreign policy: it is given or withheld according to the calculations of self-interest on the part of the donor'. While this thesis certainly appears to be valid at the general level, Arnold tends to be over-simplistic in playing down the benefits which nonetheless can accrue to less developed countries.

For example the aid and assistance given by some non-governmental organisations and the pioneering work of Jan Pronk of Holland and Judith Hart in this country have certainly assisted Third World countries on the road to self-reliant development, as well as alerting people in the West to the Arnold thesis. And had not Arnold's quotations from Mrs Hart's speeches been so selective, he would have found that our former Minister of Overseas Development was in broad agreement with him.

Whether one thinks that all aid is bad or not, it is here to stay for the foreseeable future and thus the contribution by Helleiner in *The Politics of Africa*, 'Aid and Dependence in Africa: Issues for Recipients', is far more useful than Arnold's book since it advances ideas on how poor countries can use aid to further their economic development in what is, admittedly, a very unequal world. Like Arnold, Helleiner points out that a primary strategy of a poor country should be to use what power it has (however small) to affect the manner in which the international market

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operates. The central question becomes 'what is the best means of extracting the most gains at the least cost from other parties to the bargain'. To advocate aid refusal, as Arnold appears to imply, is to assume that recipients are entirely unable to manipulate aid monies to their advantage.

Of course in Africa, as elsewhere, some dominant groups are quite happy to support externally dependent links since they benefit greatly from the maintenance of the *status quo*.

In this context *Peasants and Proletarians* is a collection of extremely valuable readings on the struggles of Third World workers in both Africa and in other parts of the world, documenting their ability to initiate change at different stages of development, to organise in both rural and urban workplaces and detailing the methods of repression used to curb their activities. The book contains an informative discussion on how far class analysis is helpful in understanding the role and position of rural and urban workers in Africa and this same discussion is pursued further in Cooperstock's contribution to *The Politics of Africa*. For anyone still not convinced that the problems of Third World workers are of direct relevance to Western industrialised economies, the article in *Peasants and Proletarians* on the West Indian cane cutters in Florida should clinch the argument. Finally, *Peasants and Proletarians* contains an excellent bibliography for those whose appetites have been whetted by the selected readings.

The difficult task of analysing the role of the state in post-colonial Africa is taken up, at least in part, by John Saul in *The State and Revolution in Eastern Africa*. This volume follows the much acclaimed *The Political Economy in Africa* by Arrighi and Saul but its focus is far narrower since it is largely concerned with an analysis of the state in Tanzania and post-revolutionary Mozambique. For the non-Marxist reader, the book will be too technical and for the Tanzanophile disappointing. Saul is at his best when analysing Mozambique, although in parts the book reads rather more like the Canadian Left's modern day equivalent of an H. V. Morton book 'In Search of Mozambique'. In spite of Saul's declared partiality, the book is not without criticism of Mozambique's revolution; in particular, Saul is critical of developments in the agricultural sector which were strong in terms of social progress and political awareness but weak on technical know-how. As a contribution to the theory of the state in post-colonial Africa or even just eastern Africa (a chapter on Angola notwithstanding), however, the book is, as Saul himself admits, very much 'work in progress'.

A different perspective of the state is offered by Roberts in *Cities of Peasants* which is a perceptive introductory text on the problems of urbanisation in the Third World, particularly in Latin America. Building upon the evolving theory of marginality and the 'informal sector', Roberts highlights what he calls the economic dualism of Third World cities which consists of a large scale sector which offers high profits and good salaries and a small-scale sector which thrives but on low wages and small profit margins. Roberts attributes the persistence of this dualism to the increasing importance of the role of the state. The state assumes the prime responsibility for sponsoring economic development but, he argues, it fosters economic growth at the

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Richard Espy

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International Arrangements for the Disposition of Spent Nuclear Fuel

Gene I. Rochlin

In this study, the author explores the technical, political, and institutional aspects of international nuclear policies, and concludes that a major fault of the efforts thus far has been the tendency to improvise arrangements for specific technical or industrial operations. Dr. Rochlin suggests instead the formation of institutions organised around more limited social, political, and technical objectives, even at the expense of excluding some nations, or omitting some aspects of the nuclear fuel cycle.
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expense of social infrastructure. The large-scale and small-scale sectors are held together in an uneasy tension by the state, sometimes through exploiting patron-client relationships and sometimes by outright repression.

The most original, the most interesting and also the cheapest book in this collection is Peter Lloyd's *Slums of Hope?* subtitled 'shanty towns of the Third World'. Lloyd sets himself a threefold task: first to correct the conventional pictures of Third World shanty towns which usually describe graphically the poverty but miss the stable family life, the law-abiding pattern of life and the rational pursuit of future goals for the city immigrant and his family; secondly to stress the universality of this picture and finally to plead that we should try to understand how the shanty town dweller sees his society.

While accepting that much of the poverty of the Third World city is attributable to the structure of the world economy, Lloyd quickly moves on to look at the world of the shanty town dweller through his own eyes. 'The danger', he points out, 'lies in the ease with which a middle-class observer imputes to the shanty-town resident his own view of the situation. He expects that the poor will react to poverty in the same way as he would do, if suddenly thrust into such a plight.' Using both the ego-oriented cognitive map and the externalised view of society, Lloyd builds up a comprehensive picture of the Third World city slum and its mushrooming population and ably fulfils the goals he sets himself. Although the lives of poor city immigrants are determined largely by powers outside their control, and often outside their country, the book does not leave one totally pessimistic. One is led to agree with Lloyd that the shanty town dwellers 'do have a potential for action and if this is to be harnessed or developed, their view of the world is certainly important'. *Slums of Hope?* is a fascinating analysis and a major contribution to our understanding of Third World poverty, perhaps of even greater value than Lloyd's much-acclaimed study *Africa in Social Change*

If there is a dominant theme in all these books it is that the root cause of poverty in Africa and in the Third World in general lies in the structures of the world economy and in the unequal relationships between the industrialised rich world and the underdeveloped poor world. Perhaps then it is no bad thing that those living in the Third World cannot afford to buy such books – for it is we who should be reading them.

Among this week's contributors

TERRY EAGLETON's most recent publications are *Criticism and Ideology* and a play, *Brecht and Company*.

ROGER RIDDELL is a staff member of the Catholic Institute for International Relations.

RONALD TRUMAN lectures in Spanish at Oxford University where he is a tutor at Christchurch.

DAVID MCLELLAN is Professor of Political Theory at the University of Kent. His *Marxism after Marx* has just been published.

KEN RICHARDSON is a Lecturer in Psychology in the Faculty of Educational Studies at the Open University.

LE CARRÉ

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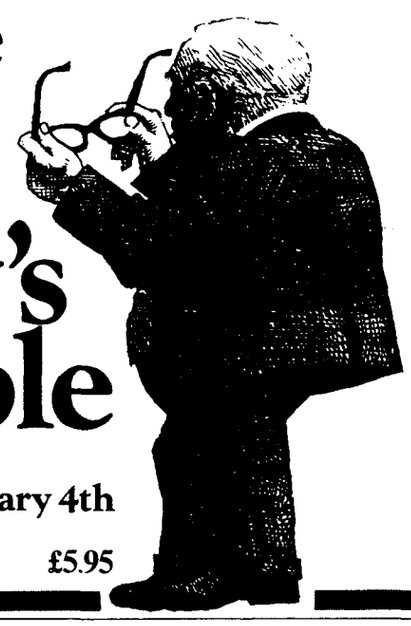

Smiley's People

To be published February 4th

Hodder & Stoughton £5.95

Ronald Truman

Knight's Background

Cervantes: a Biography by WILLIAM BYRON
Cassell £9.95

Cervantes's life will always insist on re-telling: the early years of hardship, little schooling and no university; the youthful soldier in Italy and maimed hero of Lepanto; the still greater hero of the *bagnios* of Algiers, risking appalling punishments by his repeated attempts to organise escapes; his ransom when on the very point of being taken to Constantinople and a lifetime of slavery; his return to Spain and first entry into the world of letters; a love-affair producing an illegitimate daughter; his marriage to the wife from whom he was so soon separated for so long, whether by choice or circumstance; his trials and tribulations in the service of the Crown in Andalusia, requisitioning supplies for the Armada and collecting taxes for the King; then, when nearly 60 and after 20 years when he published next to nothing, the *Quixote* and a string of other works . . . and that touching farewell in the Prologue to the *Persiles*, just before he died.

William Byron's biography is the first to be published in this country for some years and is no doubt the fullest. He makes ample use of recent documentary researches. These have not always been fascinating, and Mr Byron does heroically to keep his narrative momentum going when dealing, for example, with the minutiae of Cervantes's wearisome service in Andalusia. But throughout, he is determined to give us a good story: witness his long account of the Battle of Lepanto, where 'every man. . . saw the Demon that day, touched something that moaned and writhed at the core of life'.

Understatement is not Mr. Byron's style, and it will help if the reader has a relish for simile, often gastronomical: so, classical references are distributed through Cervantes's writing 'like the fat in a salami', or 'like birdshot in a partridge'.

Cervantes: a Biography sets out to give us not only the story of Cervantes's own life but a portrait of the age and an examination of his writings in the context of the literature of Spain's 'Golden Age'. Not surprisingly, there is not much space for anyone else's views: 'some Cervantists believe. . .'. Certainly, some will grind their teeth at a number of his literary characterisations: 'At its peak, from Lope's early cloak-and-dagger epics to the statuesque melodramas of Calderón de la Barca, the Spanish theater exemplified the give-'em-what-they-want theory of entertainment'. To say the least, there was more to it than that! And the (endlessly reproduced) engraving of a Spanish 17th-century theatre (facing page 298) is badly misleading, like its caption which suggests its date as 1660: J. Comba, who did it and signed it, died in 1924.

But readers of this book will be chiefly interested to see what it has to say about Cervantes's life in its bearing on the creation of his masterpiece. Of course, Cervantes gives

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an endlessly fresh and living picture of the society he knew from his years on the roads and at the inns of southern Spain; but can we look to his life-story for something more far-reaching, some deeper root of his creative vision than this?

Mr Byron thinks we can. He sees 1597 as the crucial year, when alleged discrepancies in Cervantes's accounts and the hostility of a Seville magistrate landed him in the royal prison there, probably for about six months. He was 50.

> In prison [writes Mr Byron], Cervantes was forced to face his grief, his past, like a dying soul reviewing its life, to examine his own sins and analyze his relationships with God and humanity.

It was, he suggests, like the spiritual rebirth that Dostoyevski would one day experience in another prison. Cervantes emerged 'purified and enlarged'; now he could write the *Quixote*.

And Mr Byron's view of the Mad Knight? That he is not mad at all, but 'a brilliant actor consciously playing a part', in order

> to impose his ideals – of God, truth, love, fidelity, service, justice, all man's highest aspirations – on a materialistic world by the sheer force of his will and the energy of his creative imagination.

Don Quixote 'is the poet militant, messenger of the divine mysteries, but he knows the world will tolerate him only if it believes he is mad'. The Romantic approach to Don Quixote (most recently studied by Anthony Close) is obviously still alive and well.

The change that came over men's view of the *Quixote* around the start of the 19th century has its own fascination. No longer seen as brilliant burlesque and endlessly inventive comedy, it became, in the other Byron's well-known words, 'of all tales. . . the saddest – and more sad because it makes us smile', the tragedy of modern man, obsessed with the nobility and futility of idealism. Knotty problems of literary interpretation are involved here; but also, less grandly, at the level of factual statement, there is the intriguingly congruous capacity of the *Quixote* to make critics see what isn't there, as Cervantes insists Don Quixote's reading of the Romances of Chivalry made him do.

Compare Mr Byron's account of the concluding stages of the Knight's first venture with what Cervantes actually says: it is not simply a matter of small inaccuracies (Don Quixote is *not* 'left senseless in the road', so he does *not* 'regain consciousness', etc.); it is the 'Man of Sorrows' idea of Don Quixote affecting vision.

It follows that what is not brought out here is Cervantes's insistence on the Knight's highly amusing dottiness throughout the episode, raving away non-stop with wonderfully inappropriate extracts from his chivalric reading. Mr Byron gives a nod in the direction of the view that this *is* a funny book, but leaves it at that: no mention of Auerbach or P.E. Russell. Mr Byron's discussion, like so many before it, brings out the futility of discussing passages from this work without constantly paying the closest attention to the text's tone and mood and implicit attitude. Apparently it does still need to be stressed that Cervantes was one of the most brilliant masters of the comic modes of discourse and that this is the making of this endlessly vital work. But the biographical approach does not help much here.

David McLellan

Island of King Utopus

Utopian Thought in the Western World by FRANK E. MANUEL & FRITZIE P. MANUEL *Blackwell* £19.50

Thomas More and his Utopia by KARL KAUTSKY *Lawrence & Wishart* £3.25

Most of us would sympathise most of the time with Macaulay's terse dictum about an acre in Middlesex being preferable to a principality in Utopia. But the utopian propensity has been with us for at least 3,000 years as an abiding strain in social and political theory. And this strain has now found an admirable historian in Professor Manuel who has summed up a lifetime's study of utopian thought in the West in an *opus* which is truly *magnum* – about 900 very large pages. As one would expect from his previous contributions, the scope and the style are admirable. The centre of the book comprises seven major utopian constellations centring around the thought of Thomas More, Jan Amos Comenius, Jean-Jaques Rousseau, Restif De la Bretonne, Charles Fourier, Karl Marx, and William Morris. These are set in chronological order, interspersed with a few minor constellations, preceded by two exordia, one methodological and the other mythological, and crowned with a prophetic (and pessimistic) peroration. The whole is an excellent reference work for students of utopian thought. There is really nothing else quite like it.

But however seductive this comprehensive tour of the labyrinthine dreams of Western political theory, there are some questions which cannot help obtruding. A great deal of this book is derived from work which has already been published (e.g. the work on the early socialists), and I therefore get the impression that the book is really a set of separate chapters rather than an overall study within a single, united framework. This is not to diminish a major publication, which will be very helpful to students and researchers and which, indeed, deserves a wider and more general audience. But the book obviously raises a number of difficulties about the whole concept of Utopia – how it is related to political philosophy and social science, and how it should be studied.

Manuel's stated approach is very catholic. 'From the time of its first discovery', he tells us, 'the island of King Utopus has been shrouded in ambiguity, and no latter-day scholars should presume to dispel the fog, polluting Utopia's natural environment with an excess of clarity and definition.' For, after all, if Thomas More himself could not get straight the exact length of the bridge that spanned the river Anydrus at Amaurotum in Utopia, why should historians of utopian thought aspire to any greater precision than he was able to muster? The concept of Utopia thus acquires plural meanings and the propen-

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sity to utopia is given an ostensive definition in much the same way as William James in his famous lectures assumed a 'religious propensity' while pointedly refusing to define religion. But even this catholicity has its limits. The subject is large but its treatment could, I think, have included some discussion of Fascist utopias. Manuel agrees that from Plato's evocation of ancient Athens in the *Critias* through the English longing for the age before the imposition of the Norman yoke and the idolisation of primitive man in the 18th century, the nostalgic mode has been an auxiliary of utopia – but he fails to mention the use of this nostalgia in the 20th century by Hitler and Mussolini. Again, there is only the briefest mention of Ernst Bloch. Yet his work – from *Geist der Utopie* in 1918 to *Das Prinzip Hoffnung* of the 1950s – containing a complex and subtle amalgam of different traditions of utopian thought with a rejuvenated Marxism has been immensely influential. Interesting, too, would have been some discussion of the immense growth of science fiction as a contemporary form of utopian thought.

As well as inviting comment on such lacunae (the location of which must be rather subjective) the characterisation of utopia which *is* offered is questionable. Manuel tells us in the first page that utopians aim to establish 'heaven on earth'. But this is, I think, to overlook the *practical* problems that many utopians – the early socialists spring most readily to mind – have been dealing with. 'Heaven on earth' is certainly too vague a notion to encapsulate Marx. Furthermore, to say that 'heaven on earth' is a 'myth' is just as ambiguous, for the concept of myth needs much more elaboration than is given it here.

These are relatively minor points, but they lead on to a far more basic worry. For one could take issue with the whole approach to Utopianism used in the book, since it is very much a 'history of ideas' book, and seems to avoid the question of whether utopias need to be studied in terms of other factors such as their social origins, their relationship to ideology etc. A good contrast to Manuel's approach would be J. F. C. Harrison's excellent study of popular millenarianism in the early 19th century – recently reviewed in these pages. One of Harrison's explanations of these bizarre phenomena is that, like Methodism, they offered a release of feeling in a society oppressed in so many different domains by an increasing rationality. Another counterpoint to Manuel is Kautsky's study of Thomas More written in 1888 and here reissued in the rather stilted translation published 50 years ago. It is most welcome in its own right. Kautsky, once the Pope of the Marxist world, suffered a long and in many ways unjustified eclipse once the triumphant Bolsheviks established their ideological hegemony. The strengths of Kautsky as an historian – the pioneering *Foundations of Christianity* would be the best example – are further evidenced by his study of More. In a general historical introduction, Kautsky traces the rise of early capitalism and the modern state, and the resulting challenge for Humanism to the great secular and social power of the Mediaeval Church. He then traces More's intellectual development, his economic, political and religious ideas, his attitudes to Catholicism, Protestantism and Humanism, and his momentous and fatal conflict with Henry VIII. He is then able to present *Utopia* as containing a profound analysis of feudalism and early capitalism and place More in a tradition leading on to the primitive communists of the English 17th-century revolution and the socialist thinkers of the 19th century. Although sometimes overly schematic, Kautsky's treatment is by no means wholly reductionist and certainly illuminates aspects of More's thought in a manner that contrasts interestingly both with Bolt's highly contemporary existentialist presentation of *A Man for All Seasons* and with Manuel's slightly disembodied approach.

Although Manuel's almost belletristic style and treatment is extremely readable and at times utterly captivating, nevertheless I feel the lack ultimately of a rigorous framework of analysis. What is missing is some discussion of, for example, Mannheim's distinction between ideology and utopia or even of Marx's discussion of utopia in the relevant chapter. For Manuel, as I have said, has a very broad definition of utopia. It seems to include, for instance, *all* socialist ideas. But surely socialism and utopia are not synonymous? On the other hand, why are some utopians such as Cabet and Weitling given hardly any attention? Surely Cabet, in particular, was the author of one of the most influential of modern utopias? The chapter on Marx is shallow and most of it deals with the influence on him of the early utopian socialists – Saint-Simon, Fourier and Owen. It is amazing that Marx and Engels are discussed in a mere 20 pages – much less than some other thinkers who are much less important. Marx, of course, did not consider himself to be a utopian thinker, claiming that socialist utopias were 'fantastic pictures of future society, painted at a time when the proletariat is still in a very undeveloped state and has but a fantastic conception of its own position' and thus corresponded to 'the first instinctive yearning of that class for a general reconstruction of society', and doomed eventually to redundancy. And this aspect of Marx's thought does merit *some* discussion. In spite of Manuel's pessimistic conclusion, the huge growth of the productive forces means that 'Utopia' is now technically almost within our grasp. But it does require a very close analysis of the real world to understand why we are unlikely, at the present rate, to attain it.

Janet Flanner's World
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Alan Hollinghurst

People as Animals

Hackenfeller's Ape, Flesh and **The Snow Ball** by BRIGID BROPHY *Allison & Busby* £5.50 & £1.95 each

Brigid Brophy has expressed herself more than most novelists on the subject of the novel and of the writer's position. Her championing of the novel has included her valuable campaign for PLR, the writing of her own highly original novels, and the continuous exercise of theoretical and practical criticism, most notably combined in *Prancing Novelist*, her study of Ronald Firbank. This is an imaginative pursuit of a writer absolutely outstanding in the tenacity of its research and in its sympathetic and enlightening speculation.

It is also a book co-ordinated with the relentlessness of an obsession, complexly self-referring and never deterred from its chosen objective. Brophy is entirely serious in her task, and is prepared to defend her seriousness. Her polemical writing has tended to receive the bored and insensitive criticism often awarded, in this country, to the upholding of beliefs and the life of genuine moral principle. And a morality of this kind, when brought to bear on the creation of fiction, introduces particular qualities. While Eliot could joke that James (a writer Brophy loves) had a mind so pure that no idea could violate it, Brophy's is a mind vitally concerned with ideas and principles and their manifestation in

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human behaviour. Equally her belief in the power of the imaginative worlds of novels is strong; she has written of the novel as the only art-form which exacts from its audience a total surrender of the Ego: 'Novel-reading really is a form of catalepsy. Your personality is taken over; you are possessed.' Clearly this is truer of, say, *Crime and Punishment* than of *Melincourt*, or, I think, *The Snow Ball*. One can be held at a distance by a good novel.

However, *Hackenfeller's Ape* (1953) involves us. It has a control rare in a first novel, and a compelling lucidity of style, entirely spare and relevant. The story itself is simple, the implications complex. The larger part of it is set in London Zoo. By clever manipulation of tone and angle man is considered in the context of 'other-than-human animals', in shifts of pathos and illusion about the ape of the title. Though humanised by the name of Percy and by the friendly Professor Darrelhyde's imagination, the monkey retains its instinctual life that is coloured by fear and (the novel's final word) wrath. The book makes profound points without any raising of the voice, and is funnier and more disturbing for this restraint.

In this novel man is observed with repugnance, but a repugnance which occasionally aches for remission in art. The spindly Professor turns himself into the Countess of *Figaro*, and Marcus, in *Flesh* (1962), imaginatively (and almost physically) turns himself into a Rubens woman. The author approaches people as both disgusting and capable of refinement and sensibility. Marcus, an appallingly gauche youngish Jew, is rescued from social inadequacy by an aesthetic sense which is enlarged in him by the girl who becomes his wife. Released from the unrecognised sensitivity which makes him interesting he lapses through inherited wealth into corpulence and laziness, sheer self-indulgence.

The principal agent of this change is his discovery of sex itself - a sensual rather than a sentimental education. The guilt subconsciously associated with sex, and which rewards it eventually with death, is an element in *Don Giovanni*; and a fascination with Mozart, which effectively contributes to the earlier two novels, becomes a dominant concern in *The Snow Ball* of 1964 (the year of Brophy's excellent and penetrating *Mozart the Dramatist*). The novel constitutes a kind of commentary on *Don Giovanni*, and is tainted rather with the enthusiasm of the amateur (in the French sense) who cannot resist drawing her characters into extended chat on subjects dear to the author. One hesitates or is even repelled to investigate an author's work along guidelines too specifically suggested, and a certain deliberateness of intention mars this novel – a defect present too in the overworked style, in which descriptive similes are followed through and repeated with remorseless thoroughness. This indigestible manner was developed further in the ensuing *In Transit*.

What *The Snow Ball* does insist on is a more intense examination of the ambiguous repulsion and lure of the flesh, and the manner itself encourages a Pope-like fastidious minuteness of description and disenchanted, dehumanised vision of the grotesque physicality of persons. Brophy Dickensianly turns her people into animals, and her crowds into inanimate seas and baroque sculptures. The snow ball (function) is presided over by a hideous baroque Cupid whom Anna, the principal character, thinks can save the world. But the love that finds expression in the novel is random unsatisfactory sex (couched in theoretical conversation) rather than more constructive relationships. It may be that like Firbank's Cardinal Pirelli, Brophy feels that 'the world is all love, only no one understands' – but her novel's achievement is to show how hard it is for people to believe constructively in a repellent humanity. The author again seems, like Anna, to find it 'easier to like animals than people. And things than animals'. The frigidity of the snow ball (missile) infects the reader with a heavy dissatisfaction, finally declining, like *Don Giovanni*, to endorse the copulative comedy and offering only the thought of death, and death itself.

Ken Richardson

Education & the Work Ethic

The Condition of English Schooling edited by Henry Pluckrose & Peter Wilby *Penguin* £1.25

Education: A Way Ahead by MARY WARNOCK *Blackwell* £5.75

The Education of the Future: An Introduction to the Theory and Practice of Socialist Education by STEPHEN CASTLES & WIEBKE WÜSTENBERG *Pluto* £8.50 & £3.95

Philosophers as Educational Reformers: the Influence of Idealism on British Educational Thought and Practice 1875-1925 by PETER GORDON & JOHN WHITE *Routledge* £9.95

Behind every education system, said Paolo Freire, is a particular concept of human beings. So in education systems it is possible to see, glaringly, the nature of productive relations among people translated as the nature of people themselves. With the rise of capitalism the British Empiricists formulated the conception of competitive individuals locked in perpetual struggle. Following evolutionary theory, class consolidations, and colonialism, Spencer, Galton and their followers were quick to depict the struggle as one among individuals varying in natural talent: hence the fittest survive. These ideas flowed into educational thinking; and the talent-hunt became the 'professional' adjunct to the custodial role ordained by the 1870 Act, reaching its apotheosis in the 'intelligence' test.

The result was a set of acts of faith, geared to received imperatives, and a situation of overwhelming paradox. Children are taken away to school for their daily 'learning', thus ensuring that the very forces which will come to govern and constrain their daily lives will remain shrouded in mystery. And in the alleged cultivation of minds arises only the conviction that the majority have deficient brains incapable of any sort of intellectual, scientific or otherwise creative activity.

Thus arose an orthodoxy which dominated educational thinking and educational policy for most of the century, until, in the last 20 years, burgeoning research and increasing critical attack came to shake its foundations and replace its blind assurance with uncertainty, its consensus with raging controversy. This explains why, today, everyone wants to say something about education. But continuing haziness about what education actually does to children (beside teaching them how to read, write and do sums, which it does with great difficulty) guarantees obscurantism and a great many yawns.

Witness, for example, the anti-climactic

Kevin Brownlow

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Kevin Brownlow is writer, producer and director of the current ITV series "Hollywood".

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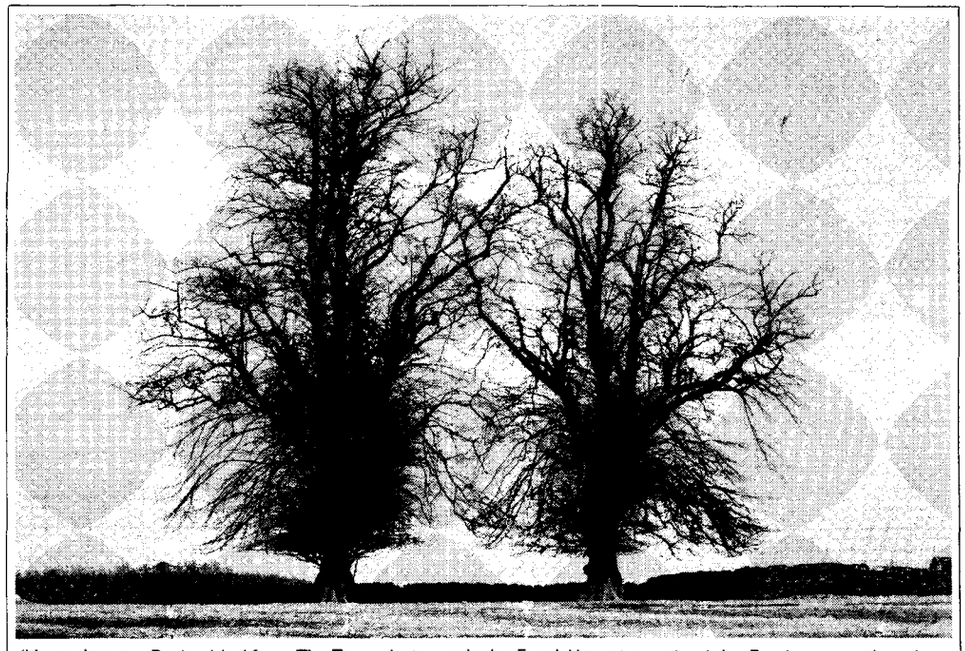
Great Debate of 1977. The *Condition of English Schools* illustrates this problem beautifully. As a well-meant collection of personal views from a broad spectrum of people responding to the Great Debate it delivers a few gems and a great deal of boredom. The only question arising at the end of it is not whether the gems rescue it, nor whether it presents a great deal of plain talk about education free from slogans and platitudes, as the editors insist (in fact the book is full of them), but whether we need this sort of offering in print when it is abundantly available from other sources daily. It is, however, a reminder of the current confusion in educational thinking, lay as well as professional.

The achievement of the last 20 years was to fudge, if not to break, the traditional orthodoxy in education, but its defenders were quick to rally as the series of Black Papers showed. The whole point of the Great Debate was, of course, to assess what might be rescued: a refurbished orthodoxy was by now badly needed. This is obviously Mary Warnock's aim in *A Way Ahead*, and possibly her unfortunate achievement. It is to be hoped that the message of this tough little book will be vigorously confronted for it weaves a coherent web of prejudices that seriously threaten what little ground critical enlightenment has won in the last two decades. I can, here, give only one illustration. Warnock ordains that the 'criteria for good education' are the values of 'the bourgeois work ethic' (precisely competitive individualism). This is so, because, she claims, they are the values of the majority in our well-educated society. So, 'when government issues guidelines according to which school curricula should be drawn up', she goes on,

> it is not illegitimately manipulating children to conform to some approved ideal, nor is it wrongfully imposing an arbitrary ideology on institutions which ought to be ideologically free. On the contrary, it is giving expression to what it believes to be the values of that society it is committed to serving.

Evidently, then, manipulation and ideology are unavoidable components of education:



'Limes January Derbyshire' from **The Tree**, photographs by Frank Horvat, text by John Fowles, recently published by the *Aurum Press*.

only, the more effectively they serve 'society', the less problematic they become.

Through the whole gamut of educational issues the book speaks with an air of medieval authority, sometimes with embarrassing naïveté, with no recourse whatsoever to the niceties of research or bibliography. Unfortunately it is also likely to be highly influential: for such sophisticated arguments, based on implicit assumptions, are also very seductive in times of confusion or near-crisis when they become straws all too readily seized upon and translated into dogmas.

Where such assumptions are deeply concealed, yet incessantly generate the taken-for-granted imperatives of State education, it is scarcely surprising that truly radical education theories (i.e. those that get to the root of the matter) have made little headway. The great strength of *The Education of the Future* is the attempt to uncover such presuppositions and to trace their expression through the imperatives of the State to the formulation of school curricula. Taking as its inspiration the marxist theory of education as part and parcel of productive activity, it documents the developments and perversions of the theory in post-revolutionary Russia, China and Eastern Germany, illustrating in each case the connection between changing curricula and changes in the modes of production in these societies. It also compares these with such changing imperatives in modern Britain and West Germany.

One of these, arising from the climate of a new technological revolution, is the demand for adaptability and mobility, that is for workers *psychologically* prepared, with 'non-process-dependent capabilities'; and it is interesting to find, in the *Conditions of English Schools*, the industrialist who declares that 'adaptability, the capacity to change direction, is what employers want from their recruits', and in Mary Warnock the renewed emphasis on 'moral' and religious education. Thus, although the book has more to do with the education of the past than of the future, it clearly exemplifies the sort of thoroughly-documented, critical analysis that will have to be brought to bear on any new orthodoxy.

In this present climate in education it may seem strange that a large, scholarly tome on British idealists of the late 19th and early 20th century should be suddenly pitched into the debate. To explain this we have to remember the strong resistance these philosophers exerted against the increasing utilitarianism in education, and especially against the brashness of the new, 'scientific' psychology which supported it (indeed their influence effectively stifled the whole development of psychology in Britain, right up to the second world war) and which swept America unimpeded. The authors believe – and argue sincerely – that it would be highly relevant for contemporary educators to turn back to the writings of the idealists for light and for guidance. Such is the present uncertain thinking in British education.

The Literary Review

BUMPER ISSUE THIS FRIDAY

☆Literature and Politics☆

Mihir Bose – Who is Naipaul? Some Thoughts on English Fiction * The Polish Cultural Scene * Judy Dempsey on the Czech Dissidents * Angus Calder on Propaganda in War * Tom Wolfe's The Real Stuff Vonnegut's Jailbird *

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John Mole

Appointments

1

He visits Helen, finds the children
hammering at Troy –
She treads its architecture helplessly
towards him, stumbles
on a tiny wooden horse.

Upstairs, the glory of their State
is just the state she's in as usual –
Take us as you find us. Take me, take me –
while the curtains solemnise his lunch-break
hoisting brief pavilions of love.

2

The Plough's immaculate horse-brasses
are his constellation. Driving home
to work in shirt-sleeves on the latest
Company Report, he stops to gaze at them
as nightfall and ambition yawn together.

Something mellow. He withdraws his mild
half-pint
between the syphon and a tower of pennies -
One more day dismantles to a soft
companionable hum, then from the
darkest corner
someone nods and seems to know him.

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Adrianne Blue

Long Hegira

Ana No by AGUSTIN GOMEZ-ARCOS *Secker* £5.50
Voices of Children by EDWARD CANDY *Gollancz* £5.50
Head in the Clouds by HENRI TROYAT *Aidan Ellis* £6.50
The Rape of Tamar by DAN JACOBSON *Secker* £5.50
The Trap and **A Dance in the Sun** by DAN JACOBSON *Secker* £5.50

Happy endings have been in poor taste for such a long time. Life, Mr Beckett informed us 30 years ago, adds up to a dribble of saliva down the chin, to Watt's 18 interchangeable sucking stones, to diminishment. So, even though Gomez-Arcos knows his Brecht quite as well as his Beckett, this mournful (but hopeful) political picaro seems, at first, to exude naiveté. Set in Franco's last years, it records the years-long hegira to the North, on foot, of an illiterate Andalusian woman who is determined to see her youngest son, a political prisoner, one last time. His father and two brothers died fighting for the Republic in the Civil war, leaving Ana Paucha, now past 70, utterly alone.

> One day she said, 'God, we're through. You're no good to me.' Only the sun witnessed that heroic decision.

Poor when she set out, she becomes the poorest beggar in beggarly Spain, the object of televised official alms. But before journey's end, Ana Paucha also becomes Ananonymous and then, Ana No, a symbol of no to be hurled at the fascist regime. The happy ending, of course, is death, somewhat on her own terms. And as Anna wends her way geographically North, the novel wends its way politically (and convincingly) Left. It is Gomez-Arcos's fourth novel, but his first to appear in English, and Stephen Becker's translation is nothing short of masterly.

Edward Candy's sharply-honed slice of 24 hours of life on a middle-class housing estate in Surrey is also a moving book. It is about a wise old schoolmaster who operated a kind of Summerhill until one of the students burned it to the ground. Quietly grieving (it is indeed a very quiet book), Matthew turns up unannounced at the house of two of his now grown-up pupils. It happens they are just leaving for the weekend, so they give Matthew the key. His appearance, unannounced to the neighbours, causes grave unease: slinging down his briefcase, and gulping a whisky, one of the fathers goes out to find out who the stranger is:

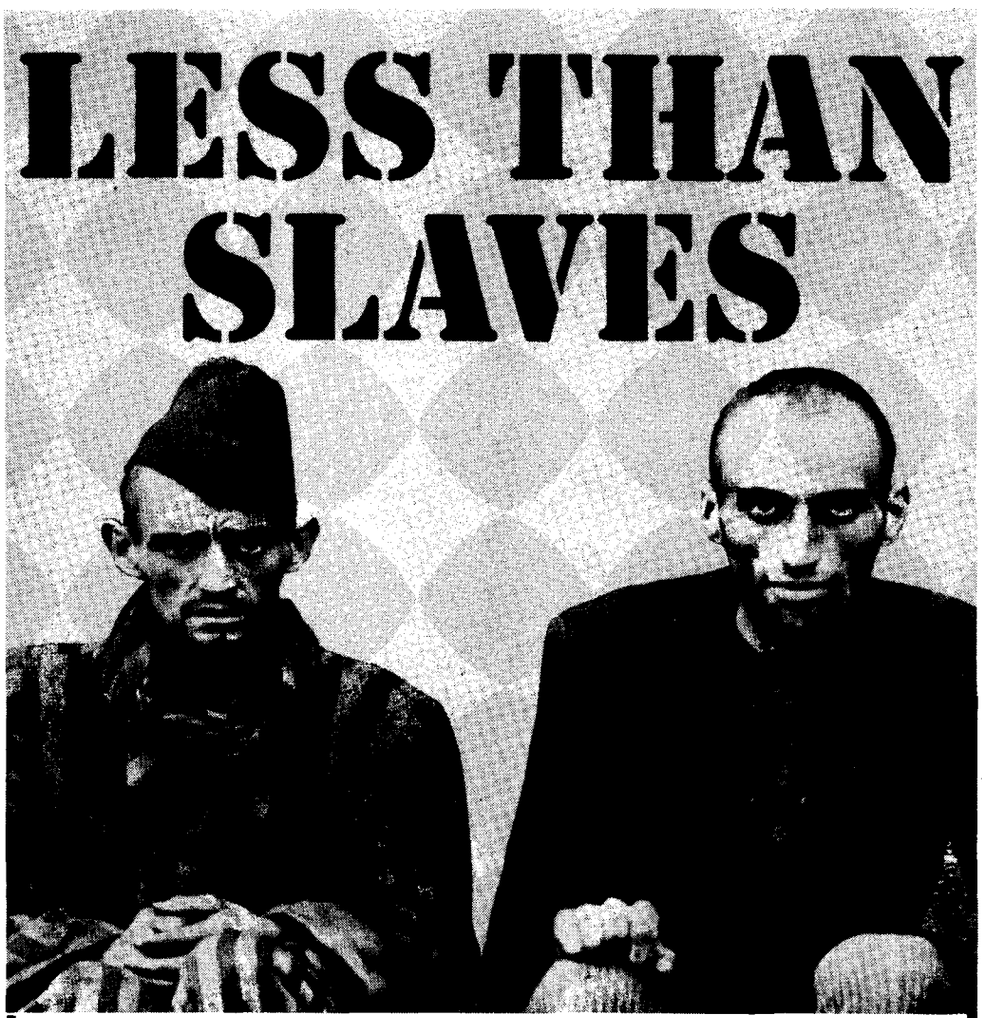
> 'Excuse me. . . May I ask if you have any right to be here?'
> 'I believe that I may say that I have,' the old man said carefully. 'Have you any particular right to ask me?'

Later, Matthew is accused (falsely) of sexually abusing a little girl. In defence, he explains certain facts of social life to the girl's father; her mother is beyond knowing. Luckily, Candy is conversant with the fictive world of Barbara Pym, and two excellent women and one excellent man intercede on Matthew's behalf. Not that Matthew, an awfully virile, sturdy old boy, really needs much help. *The Voices of Children* is an easy book to overlook. Don't do so.

Head in the Clouds, however, is a cloying book, dreary. Troyat occupies a universe which is pre-Sarraute, pre-Camus, indeed apparently contemporaneous with Maupassant's – his characters are puppets intended to enhance their author's self-esteem. From first to last, one disbelieves this story of two stereotypical middle-aged spinsters whose uncharming life is transformed fatally by the appearance of a quirky, but charming young man. If the spinsters are so set in their ways, would the young man really be able to part them? And if they are as tiresome as Troyat says they are, wouldn't so socially deft a young man find headier Parisian pastures? Frankly, by page 20 or so, it's hard to care.

Finally, a welcome to the re-issue of three novels by South African expatriate, Dan Jacobson. *The Rape of Tamar* is a retelling of the Biblical story of King David's daughter. The book was much praised when it appeared 10 years ago; now, one can add that it has the inexorability of *The Confessions of Joseph Baisz*.

It is hard to believe that *The Trap* and *A Dance in the Sun* are already a quarter of a century old. In the former, a white man in league with a black man to steal another white man's sheep suddenly senses danger, but eludes it by setting a trap for the black man. The latter gets his come-uppance, and the white man, traitor as well as thief, becomes a 'heroic' warrior in the cause of apartheid. Sadly, Jacobson's story is as disturbing today as ever. Saddest of all, it could happen now.



A sequel to Hitler's Holocaust; the story of Jewish Forced Labor

by Benjamin B Ferencz

Benjamin Ferencz was an American prosecutor at Nuremberg. In LESS THAN SLAVES he describes with dispassionate calm the legal battles in the West German courts and the negotiations and pressures which induced a few companies (Krupp, I G Farben, Siemens) to make meager retroactive payments many years later to the Jewish survivors of their slave labour.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Cinematic Theology

KEVIN BROWNLOW comments on semiotic film criticism

Had I written this article in the approved style of semiology, you would not have read this far. For semiology is an impenetrable language practised in the realms of Higher Education in Film. It contains phrases like:

> The eviction of Peter Pan as prime signifier from his film text does not therefore take place through a meta-cinematic process, nor through that element of the syntagmatic code which precisely designates presence as absence (the insert), but through a narrative continuum (growth) whose consecutive temporal logic in itself constitutes a negation of Peter Pan's semantic content (the boy who would not grow up).
>
> *Screen,* Autumn 75, p. 40

The language appears to have been borrowed from psychiatry and social anthropology. Now it may be important to use such language to cope with the precision demanded by those disciplines. But the people who apply it to films are neither psychoanalysts nor social scientists. They are usually teachers and lecturers in the film departments of our universities.

They are not unintelligent. Far from it. They are often academically gifted intellectuals. But intellectuals can be blind in some areas. In my opinion, they are being both blind *and* perverse when it comes to Semiology and Related Jargon. After all, it's not as if they were strangers to clear English (I guarantee that none of the letters they write to protest against this article will be couched in the phrases of semiology).

The teaching of film is a relatively new activity. There is no training for it. You are usually taken on by a university on the basis of your academic qualifications in other areas. Selection boards are not likely to know much about films, and, anyway, film is still regarded as a less-than-demanding discipline. To give their subject more stature, and to conceal their lack of knowledge, candidates lay down a smokescreen of jargon. Their chances are higher, they seem to think, if they sound like a cross between Piaget and Dr Werner von Braun.

I am a film-maker and film-historian, and I have worked in films for 25 years. I have to confess that I do not understand semiology. Nor have I met any other film-maker who understands it. I have done my best. I have talked to academics. I have asked them to translate semiology articles. (The expressions on their faces as they wrestled with the words should have been filmed.) I have consulted dictionaries. I have, like many film students, wasted a great deal of time on the subject.

I have come to the conclusion that semiology is unhelpful – to the point of arrogance. Why should students, anxious to become involved with film, be expected to learn a language which will serve no useful purpose once they leave the lecture-room? Many film students come here from abroad. Can you imagine how hard it must be for a Korean, who has just begun to master English, to cope with words like 'synecdoche' or 'non-diegetic'?

This is a distortion of the role of teacher. To teach is to communicate. The awful truth is that many teachers of film – in my experience – find it hard to communicate because they do not fully understand their chosen subject. There are, after all, no supreme arbiters, no authority like the BMA, which can strike off a doctor for incompetence. Unlike medicine, film is not considered a subject of importance. Academics know that the film industry thrived without anyone (but the fans) studying film, so they have divorced themselves from the language and the concerns of that industry. It didn't need them; they don't need it.

The proposed aim of those who practise semiology – and other jargon – is to define critical areas more precisely, and to communicate the signs and meanings apparent in film. The English language being considered inadequate for the task, the semioticians have taken many of their words from the French. This field of socio-linguistics had its origins in France, and Christian Metz was its leading proponent. This is why the words will not be found in an ordinary dictionary, and this is why the semioticians are so pleased with their language. You won't crack their code unless you enter their select circle.

Should you challenge them, they agree that few people understand semiology, but say that that is hardly the reason to abandon it. Few people understood the complex phrases of psychiatry when it began. In universities, academics have little need to communicate with the outside world, and there are always disciples hoping for admission to the inner sanctum of cinematic theology. And that, say some, is what it's all about; semiology is a substitute for the language of religion.

And it's no use saying that these words have a simple meaning in ordinary English, and that 'diegesis' really means 'narrative'. It is not quite the same. It means 'narrative, and the way it is told'. . . a phrase which might be encompassed by the word 'film' – but that is far too imprecise. Using words as simplistic as that would win no one a job at a university, let alone at the Educational Advisory Service of the BFI.

The desire to belong to an exclusive brotherhood is an understandable, if childish, trait. The desire to be respected is equally understandable, if more insidious. The use of semiology satisfies both desires – at the cost of alienating many of those with whom the academics are paid to communicate.

You would think, from this closed-circuit attitude to teaching, that such academics would be politically right-wing. For it is a kind of fascism to force people practising one discipline to learn the language of another, simply for the convenience of an intellectual élite. It's like expecting Slavs to learn German in order to comprehend their own inferiority. But they are not right-wing. They are, regrettably, usually left-wing – quite aggressively Marxist – which makes the whole situation even more alarming. Faced with an audience of factory workers, would they lecture on 'Formal Permutations of the Point-of-View Shot'? They would probably have to, for their grasp of film-making would be hard to express in ordinary English.

This is not entirely their fault. Opportunities for professional experience are severely limited. And much of what has been written on the cinema is worthless. First-class teachers in film *are* badly needed – but teachers who use semiology are leading their followers down an academic cul-de-sac.

It *is* important to have technical terms which describe objects and actions specifically – but there are enough of these in motion pictures already (and semioticians muddle them up hilariously). There are so many technical terms in the industry that we often baffle one another. Film-editors and videotape-editors, for instance, do the same job, but frequently they cannot understand one another. It's like Poles meeting Latvians. A director will use precise terms when dealing with technicians, but he will hardly inflict them on outsiders. Only a man drunk on his own importance would expect a non-technician to understand such phrases as 'That was shot with a BNC, zoom on 75, an 85A on a mag of pre-fogged 5247, ten strands less in the developer, and printed at light 16.' Only technicians who are insecure and uncertain will blind you with science – have you ever listened to a television repair man explaining why he can't fix your set?

In this jargon-infested world, money would be far better spent de-mystifying the language, rather than cluttering it up still more. But if you confess to the Ayatollahs of film culture that you do not understand semiology, they will snap: 'Get yourself educated, man'. One should be grateful for such an uncomplicated reply, but one tends to think, 'physician, heal thyself'.

The disease is spreading. Universities, here and in the United States, have invested in semioticians to such an extent they will hardly want to admit their mistake. And they don't think it matters much, anyway. But there is a serious side. Far too little government money is invested in film, as compared, say, with opera. But the activities of Higher Education are squandering those precious resources for the benefit of a tiny minority. Would you prefer a series of courses on Christian Metz, with diagrams – or another film by Bill Douglas? And which would enrich our film culture more?

Semioticians will no doubt dismiss such a protest as the cry of the uneducated – the anti-intellectual stance of a Goering, hearing culture and reaching for his gun. I would be the first to admit that I lack their intellect. But I would like to benefit from theirs. The less well educated of us will never have our eyes opened if the blind continue to lead the blind.

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Opera

Peter Conrad

Bravura

Julius Caesar *Coliseum*
Cosi fan tutte *Covent Garden*
Ernani *Dominion*

Having already this season travestied *Aida*, John Copley returns, unregenerate, to tart up *Julius Caesar*. His Egypt for *Aida* was a crassly gigantic Hollywood back-lot; for the Handel opera he's dreamed up a cuter, kitschier Egypt, ornamented with perspex obelisks and pyramids of floor-cushions. But this time his window-dressing matters less, because the opera is carried by the athletic vigour of its score and the bravura of its singers.

The ENO has cast it magnificently. As Caesar, a glowering Janet Baker employs the dare-devil coloratura assigned her by Charles Mackerras to express a raging, tyrannical temper. Caesar's vocal decorations are bullying and belligerent; Cleopatra too uses coloratura politically, to mock her enemies and to beguile her victims. In this part Valerie Masterson is breath-taking, her acting hard and sly, her singing arrogant in its ease and accuracy. There are as well a plump, plummy Sextus from Della Jones and an eloquent Cornelia from Sarah Walker. No Copley show is complete without some kinky sex, and here the character chosen for traduction is the caponised Pompey of the counter-tenor John Angelo Messana, who travels with a pair of smirking ephebes in tow. The honour of the male vocal gender is upheld by John Mitchinson as Achilles. He delivers the single aria left him in Mackerras's edition with terrific force.

With Karl Böhm in the pit, the tired gagbook which is all that remains of Copley's *Cosi fan tutte* didn't offend me, for as Böhm plays it the point of the opera is the contradiction between the farcical agitation on the stage and the nobility and anguish in the music. The grand, solemn overture announced that Böhm finds in *Cosi* not the glib exemplification of a misogynist moral but a disquieting journey through the vagaries of the human heart. The dominant singers in this revival are Brigitte Fassbaender, whose Dorabella is a painfully funny study of sexual temptation and emotional truancy, and the Ferrando of Rudiger Wöhlers, who contributes some vivid, militaristic flourishes to the first finale. Hermann Prey's Guglielmo is more amused than hurt: perhaps it's time for him to move on to Alfonso? It may also be time for Geraint Evans to renounce that part: his voice these days is an angry bark, and he sees Alfonso too much as a scurrilous, Leporello-like intriguer, not enough as the wise, withdrawn superintendent of the action.

'The Welsh National is the best opera company in England' – this malapropism, confidently uttered by an American singer recently engaged by the WNO, proved true recently when the company brought five of its productions to London. I caught up then with Elijah Moshinsky's production of *Ernani*, Verdi's fifth opera. *Ernani* is a sequence of ceremonies – drinking bout, wedding feast, oath-swearing, coronation, even (in Moshinksy's version) a saturnine wrestling match – and the problem for its producer is to animate these ensembles without creating an unseemly scrum. This Moshinsky manages with economy and theatrical sleight-of-hand, abetted by a two-tiered set which provides for hierarchical confrontations, a phalanx of shiny screens propelled by cowled stage-hands, and an ingenious method of freezing the crowds and then thawing characters one by one as they enter the ensembles. His solutions are original but never exhibitionistic: no Copley he.

The performance introduced Suzanne Murphy to London. Though not heard to best advantage in the tacky acreage of the Dominion, she has all the equipment of the Verdi soprano, and as a bonus can act. Her Elvira contains reminiscences of the frisky, rorty Violetta she sang for WNO earlier in the year. Her opening appeal to her bandit lover is a sensuous day-dream, but her other importunate wooers goad her to tantrums: she hurls away Silva's gifts and sarcastically mimics the courtly Carlo before threatening him with his own sword. Like Violetta at Flora's party, she crumples in distress when unjustly accused by Ernani. In most performances, Elvira just stands there angelically emoting, like a statuesque allegory of the soprano voice. Suzanne Murphy makes a person of her.

Television

Julian Barnes

Dressed Hare

Dramatists commonly write plays for specific actors, just as composers write concerti for specific soloists; as an inspirational spur it's no worse than any other, but there are dangers attached. This week saw two plays where differing fascinations with a central actress wrought differing damage to the final vehicle. David Hare's *Dreams of Leaving* (BBC-1) was an unabashed rhapsody on the theme of Kate Nelligan, with whom Hare has worked many times before; John Osborne's *You're Not Watching Me, Mummy* (Yorkshire) was, one suspected at the time (and critics deeper in the know confirm it), 'for' his ex-wife Jill Bennett, and a continuation of his disagreeable public campaign against her.

Dreams of Leaving had a fine title and an alluring performance by Kate Nelligan; it was directed by Hare himself in confident, sharp scenes. There, alas, the praise runs out, for the central core of the play – about a cynical journalist's spaniel devotion to a languid, fashionable sphinx who treats him with idle callousness – lacked vigour and variety; while its treatment mainly consisted in a series of breathy caressings of Ms Nelligan in her latest pretty frock. It was often hard, frankly, to keep one's catnapping critical instincts from being washed away by a single gut response – that of wanting to wave a big football rattle in passive William's face and urge him to give Caroline the old heave-ho. It's always a dangerous sign when the major emotion the chief character in a play engenders is one of cushion-chewing irritation. And the central relationship – Caroline's remorseless humiliation of William and his limp acceptance of it – seemed, as it went on and on, increasingly improbable; though I heard my colleague Benedict Nightingale on *Critics' Forum* remark, 'I think a lot of men have known a lot of women like this and been tormented by them', and am prepared to bow to his grey hairs on this.

Hare described his play as 'an attempt to put something serious about sex on television', which is a laudable ambition (may the BBC get down on its knees soon and ask Ian McEwan to resubmit the script of *Solid Geometry*). But the conjunction of William's unremitting self-abasement and Caroline's heartless *laissez-foutre* never snagged the nerves or the emotions. Her flat, joyless pronouncements about sex came across as less rare and challenging than they were doubtless intended: 'Why can no one be content with a night if it's good?' (Answer: because it often isn't good and because most people like to repeat good experiences, you silly moo.) Wider themes, of social corruption and prostitution (she photographs whores; he whores in Fleet Street), never took off. Increasingly, the play became a vehicle for Ms Nelligan as clothes-horse, and at the end, when she goes mad (were we meant to ascribe this to malnutrition, love, inability to love, or crappy genes?), the camera seemed to recapitulate the work's true priorities: William's relief at her madness might have come across more forcefully if the lens hadn't loitered so recklessly on how Caroline managed to look fetching even in her inmate's pink rompers. According to Hare, *Dreams* marks the temporary end of his working association with Ms Nelligan; maybe that's best for both of them.

Osborne's play was a slice of backstage petulance circling round a bitchy blonde actress of 42 who worries abrasively about her wrinkles, her nose, her tits and her fame. She has a bitchy dresser, camper than a row of tents, and in the two-handed first half Anna Massey and Peter Sallis, working flat out, just kept the play's head above water. The second half introduced a bitchy lesbian dramatist; a crippled critic; a dumb American drama student called Stanley Klob (= wittily, Klutz + Slob?); an antique dealer who loves Bette Davis; a pompous county lady; plus various other specimens from Osborne's demonological zoo. I could identify one of them; more theatrical viewers could probably pencil in the names of others. For a play which was fuelled on vituperation, it was extraordinary that Osborne's most imaginative line was 'honking like a duck with a slow hernia at her own jokes', which is the sort of crack Les Dawson considers and then dumps. Those praying for Osborne's return to rage and form had better start raising their output.

You Are Old, Father William (BBC-2) quantified some of the physical symptoms of senescence (30 per cent less heart efficiency, two-inch height loss), while admitting that our knowledge of its causes has advanced little in the last 50 years. Apart from a clip of a pickled geriatric brain, all wrapped up in clingfilm like a shiny stilton, this *Horizon* film was a lot less appalling than one feared; and in Donald Hebb, the ageing expert and expert on ageing, we glimpsed a heartening 75-year-old spryly monitoring his own running down. Practical tips for trainee Methuselahs didn't get beyond fish-eating and ballroom-dancing though.

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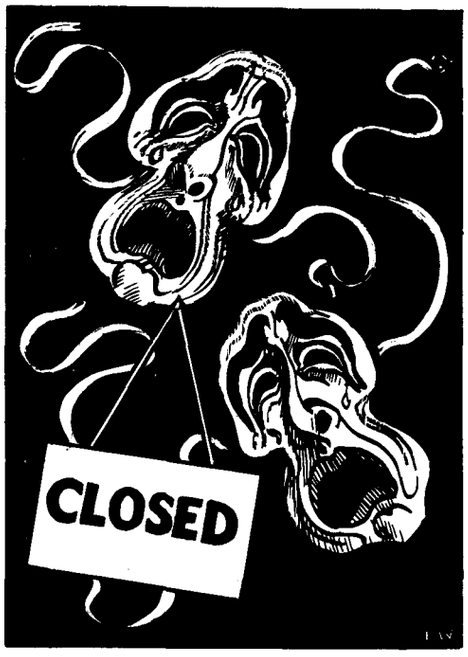

Ronald Hayman

Fifty Years of Equity

What actors do when they're working is what children do when they're playing – dress up, pretend to be someone else, escape creatively into another level of reality. Higher or lower? According to the late D. W. Winnicott, the adult, like the child, can use his whole personality only when playing, and possibly this is one of the factors that make the profession so attractive.

An executive of American Equity once said: 'An actor is the only human being who'll work for nothing if you let him.' It follows that he is peculiarly vulnerable to exploitation by the employer: no occupational group can ever have been more in need of protection by a closed shop union. And now British Equity has existed for 50 years, it is easy to forget how long it took to evolve. Long before the end of the 19th century it was evident that some form of organisation was necessary. As the old stock companies broke up, businessmen were avidly cashing in on the boom in touring, and actors who accepted jobs with respectable-looking managers were liable to find themselves stranded in a freezing provincial city with no salary for the week's work, and no train-fare back to London. Or a show might open after four unpaid weeks of rehearsal, only to be taken off after a badly received performance or two.

But theatres are not like factories where workers can be enlisted by shop stewards. Conditions of employment for actors were more conducive to competitive individualism than to the formation of a common front. It was suggested in 1906 that the Actors' Association, which had been founded in 1891 with Henry Irving as its President, ought to become a trade union, but it wasn't until December 1929 that the British Actors' Equity Association was created by a unanimous decision at a joint meeting of the Actors' Association and the Stage Guild. Even then the prevalent feeling was that it should be more a professional organisation than a union. There was no closed shop until 1933, and when Equity was finally affiliated to the TUC in 1940, Godfrey Tearle, who had been President for ten years, resigned in protest.

To analyse the complex system of pressures and counter-pressures that has given us the theatre we have today is to recognise that, alongside government subsidy, Equity has been dominantly influential. In the 1950s West End actors could be earning as little as £5 a week for rehearsals and £9.10s for performances. The minimum salary for repertory actors was £4.10s a week for rehearsals and £6.10s for performances, or £7.10s if there were two performances every night. In 1970 Equity's 'Living Wage' campaign succeeded in raising minimum salaries to £18 a week for provisional members and £20 a week for full members. (Miners at the coalface were then earning £30-£34.50.)

If twice-nightly repertory is now extinct and weekly repertory virtually extinct, it is because the combined effect of state subsidy and higher salaries has been to squeeze out the shoddy commercial companies that could run only on cheap labour. There are fewer reps today, but standards are higher, while the profession, in becoming more organised, has become more exclusive. In the Fifties anyone could get an Equity card on being offered professional work; today entry is restricted by an annual quota system, and full membership is preceded by 40 weeks of provisional membership.

Roughly speaking, three actors are always unemployed to every one who is working, and during 1971 – the last year for which statistics are available – six actors and actresses out of 10 earned less than £1,000, while two out of 10 earned less than £250, and only seven in 100 more than £3,000. Today, minimum salaries, though higher than ever before, are still not high. Actors in subsidised rep receive not less than £60 a week, RSC and West End actors not less than £82.50.

Campaigning to raise minimum salaries has not always helped the middle range actor. Companies forced to pay more to their most junior members have been able to economise with experienced actors, either by paying less or by using less of them. They can still use less of them, but a new precedent has been created in Equity's agreement with the subsidised reps about average salaries. The companies have been graded on four levels, according to whether they have agreed to an average of £60, £65, £70 or £80 a week. An annual check can then be made by dividing the total of contractual salaries by the number of actor-weeks.

What else is Equity doing? Even if the value of our theatre were gauged solely in relation to what it does for the tourist industry, it would have been ridiculous to burden it with VAT at 15% when it was already so under-subsidised by European standards. In France – never mind Germany or Sweden – the VAT rate for theatre is only 7%, though the standard rate is 17.6%, while the *per capita* subsidy for the performing arts is nearly three times as high as it is in Britain. Equity is therefore campaigning for exemption from VAT and against cuts in subsidies. On 24 July about 4,000 performers and technicians marched from Hyde Park Corner for a rally outside the Royal Opera House. On 15 December there was a rally and a march in Newcastle, and before Christmas every MP was sent a letter and a pamphlet setting out the basic facts.

At the same time Equity is trying to pressure the commercial television companies into making some return for the talent it takes out of live theatre. ITV profits have been accumulated partly as a result of the acting expertise which has been more or less painfully accumulated by artists working without security of employment, under uncomfortable conditions, and for low salaries. Equity is now trying to create a fund out of payments to be made by the ITV companies for each piece of film or taped material involving actors, but screened without putting any money into the pockets of union members. The fund will then be used to create additional work for performers, not only by subsidising live theatre but by helping to finance films and independent productions for television. If Equity can start its 51st year by succeeding in this, we shall all be its beneficiaries.

Films

David Wilson

Dancing in the Rain

My Brilliant Career (A) *Screen on the Hill* and *Odeon, Kensington*
Escape from Alcatraz (AA) *ABCs Fulham Road, Bayswater and Edgware Road, Classic, Oxford Street*
The Big Fix (A) *Plaza*
The Swissmakers (A) *Paris Pullman* and *Phoenix*
The Incredible Hulk (A) *general release*

Brearley's beard is not the only thing troubling the Australians of late. Their own cinema, much lauded by Pommie critics, has on its home ground been the target for some drunkenly directed hostility. Significantly, say the can-slingers, the kind of Australian cinema which does well abroad is the kind which celebrates Australia past (*Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* and the like): which makes, in other words, a colonial connection. There is half a point here. But if today's down under is to be more up front, the Australians themselves will have to make it so. Meanwhile, and on the new evidence of *My Brilliant Career*, the best Australian films continue to be those in search of a sense of history.

Gill Armstrong's film is taken from a novel by Miles Franklin, published – as an end title tells us – in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1901. Miles Franklin was a woman, here called Sybylla, misfit daughter of an outback farmer at the turn of the century. She milks cows with aplomb, while dreaming of a world of music, art and literature, a prospect as distant as the horizon. 'Useless, plain and godless' in her mother's eyes, she is packed off to her grandmother's house to learn some airs and graces

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and, mission half accomplished, is here and elsewhere courted by a garrulous English fop and a taciturn young farmer of some considerable acreage. She rejects them both, a decision neatly signalled when she dances in the rain as though to wash away the veneered sophistication. Such metaphors have killed many a movie anxious to declare its ironic intent. This one works because, like so much here, it is fleeting and unstressed, a point to be taken in passing. Later, when her father's hard times force an interruption in her social education, she works off some pride as governess to a brood of grubby delinquents on a tin shack farm. Easy to have forced a moral – a hindsight gloss on Victorian manners and outback lack of them. But the film resists it, dividing its sympathies equally and honestly.

Mistakes are made. At least twice too often the camera makes pretty pictures of a landscape which needs no framing; some lines are said with more than merited relish. Quibbles, though, are silenced by the main attraction: a performance by Judy Davis, as our lady of independent mind, which ought to still complaints that Australian films are ill served by their actors. It wasn't only the freckles that reminded me of Hepburn at her spunky, mercurial best.

No stranger to the prison movie, Don Siegel goes behind bars again for *Escape from Alcatraz*. Clint Eastwood is the man who wants out; no easy matter this since this jailhouse *is* a rock and getting away from it means treading a lot of water in San Francisco Bay. No one has ever done that, says warden Patrick McGoohan (passably donning an American accent) as he fondles a scale model of his home from home. But from the look Eastwood gives him, that glazed stare into the middle distance which is this actor's way of registering dissent, you know he is about to be proved wrong. Exactly how is the film's second act, and a curiously stuttering affair it is from a director normally so accurate in his timing. The rest makes an anthology of prison movie time-passers: the thug who gets his comeuppance, the cell-mate with a pet mouse, the old lag who paints. The idea is that prison destroys the soul, Alcatraz more than most since there is no exit to the world out there. Not wanting this to be missed, Siegel adds exclamation marks in the shape of a recurring view of the rock at sunset. We have been here before.

Better American fare is *The Big Fix*, a free-wheeling thriller notable for the way its serious business is spiced with some peppery one-liners. Richard Dreyfuss is a Los Angeles gumshoe, an ex-radical (Berkeley, class of '68), divorced and down on his luck. Hired to find the source of a smear campaign against one of the candidates for governor of California, he bumps into murder, kidnap, the CIA and similar assorted thuggery – the pieces of a jigsaw plot to blow up the city's freeway system. This is done well enough, in modernist Marlowe fashion, with a tolerable car chase and some passing evidence of why you should fear and loathe this place. But the real interest is in the incidentals. Stuck for a clue, Dreyfuss works it out on a Cluedo board; stuck with his kids while his ex-wife learns how to be a vegetable in a consciousness-raising class, he takes them on the job or parks them with an aunt of impeccable radical credentials and a nice way of deflating them ('Come on children, I'll read you a story about the Albanian Labour Party'). Minor characters leave more than visiting cards. Dreyfuss tracks a one-time revolutionary on the run, and finds him in a house appropriate to his new identity as an advertising executive. No one can stay a revolutionary in this country, the man says as he barbecues lunch on his swimming pool patio, 'because it's like being a spoilsport at an orgy'. Credit for this and other gags to scriptwriter Roger L. Simon. The director is Jeremy Paul Kagan, of whom more should be heard.

Rolf Lyssy's *Confrontation*, about the assassination of Switzerland's wartime Nazi leader, received guarded plaudits a few years back. His new film, *The Swissmakers*, is a comedy about that country's current little Hitlers, the immigration police who vet applicants for citizenship of the cantons. This last requires an identikit assembly of gnome-like virtues: Swiss citizens, it appears, are expected to be 'solid, hard-working, honest and sober', and to have un-numbered bank accounts. Neutrality exacts its price, a point the film makes over and over with the kind of rib-nudging self-congratulation which bedevils many such ho-ho critiques of national identity. A pair of police (one a pocket model of the constitution, the other suspiciously susceptible to the things which make life worth living, even in Switzerland) investigate a trio of would-be citizens. An Italian chocolate-cake maker eats spaghetti too often for conformity and is a trade unionist to boot, but floors the cops with an impromptu hallelujah to William Tell. A German doctor runs up the Swiss flag each morning but almost fails the test when his wife's fondue goes flat. The liveliest episode involves a Yugoslav ballet dancer, whose charms so bewitch the junior snooper that they both decide to leave the Alps behind them. Lyssy works in some pleasing sight gags, but the confection as a whole is about as light as a kilo of Swiss sausage.

The Incredible Hulk is the small screen's big fellow writ large. Elephantiasis squared; but square-eyed kids may prefer to stick with the green giant they know. They will have missed nothing: this movie version is two episodes from the TV series shamelessly sewn together. The stitches show.

Theatre-1

Benedict Nightingale

Jockstrap Department

The Club by DAVID WILLIAMSON *Hampstead*
La Cage *ICA*
Mutiny on the M1 by DONNA FRANCESCHILD *Albany, Deptford*

Brian Clough, the eff and ineffable manager of Nottingham Forest, recently described the directors of soccer clubs, not least his own, as 'nobodies'. His sentiment would, I imagine, be shared by David Williamson, though the sort of football debated, attacked and finally celebrated by his *Club* is played with an oblong ball and appears to have some remarkably peculiar rules. The place is the board-room, the time a crisis, since the team has lost five games running (or, rather, *not* running) in the Victorian league and the president, a meat-pie manufacturer, is on the front pages for drunkenly battering a stripper who resisted his retchy advances at a club do. The newly appointed administrator, all grey worsted from his suit to his soul sees and seizes the chance. A more compliant nobody must replace the current nobody in the president's chair; and someone who, from the sound of him, very much resembles Clough at his most autocratic must take over the jockstrap department.

Mr Williamson's previous plays, notably *The Removalists* and *Don's Party*, did much to explain the sottish psyches of those whose prime present amusement seems to be pelting English cricketers with urine-filled Fosters Lager cans. Together, they took us on an anthropological tour of the booze, the vomit, the violence genially inflicted, the violence received and actually enjoyed, and, doing so, they probably told us more about Aussie machismo than its practitioners and pretenders would care to have revealed outside the sanctity of the saloon bar. *The Club* adds to the dossier, but rather less than one might have expected, given the subject.

Only one character can easily be imagined hurling his aluminium bat across Sydney cricket ground or haranguing hapless umpires for being copulating pudenda, and that's Jock, the blazered loudmouth and megalomaniac who covets the club presidency, regards the record 282 appearances he made in the team's purple-and-gold as an untouchable tribal totem, and casually reports beating up his wife for badmouthing some aspect of his manhood ('she apologised later'). One of the play's faults, incidentally, is a certain repetitiveness, never more so than when it is exposing this monster's idiot hypocrisies; but it also has plenty of purposeful fun at his expense. Scenes nowadays rarely come as hilarious as the one in which Jock struggles to maintain his superannuated swagger while unknowingly under the influence of a reefer maliciously slipped him by a player.

But Mr Williamson's chief aim is to distinguish authentic sportsmanship from its corruptions, and the genuine sportsmen from the hangers-on, the 'nobodies'; and it's arguable that this leads him towards what his own killer instinct ought to recognise as a certain sentimentality. The play is cutting and deadly when it's coping with its well-named (indeed, definitive) Jock, or the increasingly desperate efforts of the meat-pie magnate to keep control of the club he pathetically loves, or the hyper-intricate devilries of board-room politics; but its heart turns into something not altogether unakin to a tepid hot-water-bottle when it comes to the bluff, decent team-coach and the team-captain, who is prepared to bring the players out on strike rather than see his boss sacked.

The giveaway, however, is its handling of the wayward star the club has recently and exorbitantly bought, its best and potentially its Best player. One moment, this arrogent pothead is dismissing football itself as 'macho competitive bullshit', and woozily describing how he spent a recent game watching the seagulls, not the ball; the next, he is sneering at the appalled coach's suggestion that he's only rationalising a loss of confidence and form; and the next, this piece of amateur psychoanalysis turns out to be nothing less

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than the truth, and he's manfully in cahoots with both coach and captain against the directors and drones, Roy of the Rovers reincarnate and raring to go. It would be too much to imply that Mr Williamson himself is suffering from the Australian disease he has so often and skilfully diagnosed; but somewhere inside him, for better or worse, there's a wide-eyed watcher from the stands, a boy-man fully capable of hanging his heroes' autographed stockings beside the glossy team-photo over his bed.

The acting of Nimrod, the Sydney company which has mounted most of his best work, is pretty accomplished: funny, touching, damning, and sometimes all those things at once. Theatre de l'Arbre, which brought *La Cage* to London last week, is harder to assess, since the words that come from its collective mouths are mostly indeterminate and invariably symbolic. Its style, and also its limitation, is the arresting visual image: stooped figures with suitcases trudging out of the steam of an invisible loco, as in a Lowry painting; people gambolling, revelling, rampaging, only to be ossified by a bell, a siren, a 16-rpm basso profundo creaking ominously from above. The point, of course, is that 'they' are out to destroy our innocent delights, both in this world and, if the angelic wings of the last scene are to be credited, in the next. Existence is a *cage*. A familiar plaint, endlessly reiterated here; yet leaving one with the strangely satisfying feeling of having visited a gallery in which some undeniably gifted, stupendously persistent painter has done battle in canvas after canvas with what are, after all, his unavoidable obsessions.

Mutiny is the name of a rock-group, whose fears and miseries are remembered from beside its grotty van, pegged out on the motorway. The writing adds little original to what's becoming a well-rehearsed subject; but the acting and singing of the Combination is zesty and the atmosphere of the church-hall-become-dance-saloon in which it performs should thaw most critical Jack Frosts, or at least unbarb their icicles. How lip-stiffening most of our theatres still are! How very different this, with its welcome mats, offhand furniture, bar, and responsive groundlings.

Theatre – 2

Paul Allen

Good-Time

Suburban Strains by ALAN AYCKBOURN with songs by PAUL TODD *Stephen Joseph, Theatre-in-the-Round, Scarborough*

If there is another theatre where you can turn up to a first night and find the publicity officer working one of the two revolving sections of the stage, I haven't been to it. That's the difference between the Ayckbourn experience on home territory and in the more clinical luxury of our grander theatres; in Scarborough the excitement of a night out at the theatre is amplified by a sense that the whole thing is only just managing to happen at all, thanks to desperately hard work and the odd slice of good luck, like having Britain's most successful playwright as your director.

It's good-time theatre, though not without its poignant moments. *Suburban Strains* is not particularly about the suburbs, but about a marriage and specifically about the view from the woman's side of the gulf. Unlike most plays in that sour modern genre it gives you an inkling of how the protagonists might once have fancied, liked and loved one another. Consequently, despite an artificially sweetened ending, its ironic pessimism is more persuasive than the ranting of most attacks on the institutionalised relationship.

Good-time theatre, even when subject to tragic thrusts, thrives on characters you are glad to see come on stage, either for the first time or for a return visit, and not only because of the anticipated laughter or the knowledge that the carefully composed plot is about to develop. Likeable people lead to likeable plays, and Ayckbourn seeks them out as both writer and director (even the appalling Norman in *The Norman Conquests* is all right on stage).

I was led to this twopence-worth of contribution to the great What-Makes-Ayckbourn-Tick? debate by the one character in *Suburban Strains* who is not at all likeable – when the heroine ladles soup down her backless dress, you want to cheer – and who, significantly, doesn't work. She is our old friend, the glamorous bitch, and she doesn't fail because she is familiar, because others equally well-thumbed do work, but because the author wasn't sufficiently attracted to her to give her the humanity to make her work.

Perhaps he is spreading himself a bit thin these days. The heroine's father has an opening line ('I blame the unions') that is a statement about the character, not the more specific, more pointed, more Ayckbourn-ish thing such a character would say. As it happens that good actor John Arthur is soon able to rescue the man, mouthing his banalities ('A day wasted is one in which you haven't laughed'), forgetting his own daughter's name and lecturing her on her behaviour while turning a blind eye to the flag pole of his own ruined marriage. The reactionary tobacconist may be impossible to live with but his customers love him and that is enough for the actor and the audience, and much the same goes for Alison Skilbeck's wonderfully funny embittered older teacher, 'recognising evil when I see it' in teenage girls and interfering in the more interesting lives of junior staff.

Paul Todd's 15 or so songs make a lightweight evening into a rather long one and tend to embellish it rather than move it on, except on one or two occasions, such as the sharply recognisable agony of 'What Does She Expect of Me?' Musically they seem a bit cool for the broad sweep of Ayckbourn's direction and the demands of theatre-in-the-round's acting styles. But listened to in isolation the band is easy on the ear.

The play has more than one time scale, sometimes showing us what goes on in the heroine's head at the same time as the conversation she is supposed to be having. It sounds more complex than it is, and – like everything else – is easily contained in Lavinia Bertram's lovely performance as Caroline, the heroine, a teacher with that tell-tale trace of school-girl about her, veering between hope and mortification and still trusting the world's goodness in spite of the bastards she meets: you long to make things go right for her and you know they never will. *Suburban Strains* is far from Ayckbourn at his most stylish or perceptive but the quality of the night out makes the competition look very thin.

Weekend Competition

No 2601 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Time for an old favourite. A Shakespearean speech, each line of which comes from a different speech in the plays – and no more than three lines from any one play. Up to 16 lines by 8 February.

No 2598 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Poems beginning: 'It wasn't so bad in the Seventies . . .'

Report **By Dan Drough**

'It wasn't so bad in the Seventies/As long as you weren't alive' sang a cheerful Jonathan Bates. But most of you seemed to lose your sense of irony (not to mention your grip on scansion) when dealing with this comp. Not *still* hung-over from Christmas, surely? Anyroad, an inflation-proofed six quid to each of those printed, and a posthumous Wilson to Mr Bates.

It wasn't so bad in the Seventies,
For one did get young Anne off one's hands
But it started with . . . who? – One is sure that
one knew-
He talked nothing but boating and bands.

But one wasn't enamoured with Wilson,
And his honours list left one aghast,
So one smiled and was kind when Sir
Harold resigned,
For one knew that old Jim wouldn't last.

So the Seventies ended in triumph,
One does so approve Thatcher's axe.
She is rather a bore, which one tries to ignore,
As one just does not know about tax.

One had hoped that Charles would have married,
And Margaret not had her divorce;
Surely our Prince of Wales would not tamper
with males,
Though he was in the Navy, of course.

E. O. PARROTT

It wasn't so bad in the Seventies,
In spite of Ted, Harold and Jim,
True, millions of trees died of Dutch Elm Disease,
But we took in a number of Vietnamese,
And The Queen and 'The Mousetrap' both
had jubilees:
As for Amin – they got rid of *him*.
Nixon's old japes with the Watergate tapes
Provided some comic relief,
And the craze for skateboarding the kids
thought rewarding
Thank heavens was happily brief.
Britain went Euro (though Powell was aghast),
The National Theatre was opened at last,
No, it wasn't so bad in the decade that's past,
(Goodbye to Sex Pistols and punk),
But the micro-chip Eighties they prognosticate is
The decade that, frankly, I funk.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

It wasn't so bad in the Seventies
Despite what the Eighties may say
In the Fifties of course we had had it so good
In the Sixties we had it away.

But it wasn't so bad in the Seventies
Though no revolution occurred

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And some Bolshevik lads went to work for
their dads
And Bob Dylan discovered the Word.

No, it wasn't so bad in the Seventies
Despite the great figures who tripped.
Surveillance suggests we might still do our best
Now the Old Beak is silicon chipped.

No it wasn't so bad – it was rum, but not bad
It was eerie at times but constructive
For the starving of course it was routinely sad –
For the chaps in the City, instructive.

ALAN WALL

It wasn't so bad in the Seventies
A sensational time for TV
As we showed the world's death throes in colour
In a current affairs jamboree.
We had excellent ratings for 'Ulster',
'Munich Bus' and 'The Yom Kippur War'.
And with 'Blood of Islam' and 'Boats sinking
in 'Nam'
Entertained you as never before.
We've microchipped in on disaster
If it's 'news' then it can't be obscene.
For the death of our man in Managua
Shows we're human behind the small screen.
We've discovered what keeps you all watching:
Death titillates, causes the drools
Let's hope it's as 'bad' in the Eighties.
Keep gawping, you goggle-eyed ghouls.

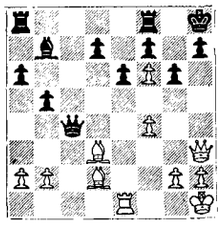
PETER RUMNEY

Tony Miles

Chess

No 164 **Problem 146**

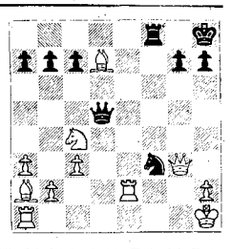
Problem 146 came from my game with Jonathan Mestel in the British Championship last year. It began **1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, P-QR3; 5.P-QB4, N-KB3; 6.N-QB3, B-N5!?** Either . . .Q-B2 or . . .P-Q3 is less provocative. **7.B-Q3, Q-B2; 8.0-0, N-B3; 9.B-B2!? 0-0!?** The usual continuations are 9 . . .N-K4 and 9 . . .NxN; 10.QxN, N-N5. The text move is mentioned by opening books, but they quote only an obscure Yugoslav game which went 10.B-N5, NxN; 11.BxN. (QxN, N-N5), PxB; 12.QxN, Q-K4; 13.Q-Q3 with clear advantage to White. However no mention is made of 11 . . .NxB gullibly taking a piece. Naturally after 12.Q-N4 White has some attack but it is by no means clear that it is sufficient. **10.K-R1, NxN; 11.QxN, N-N5; 12.P-B4, B-B4; 13.Q-Q3!?** More drastic than 13.Q-Q2, N-K6; 14.R-B3, NxB (. . .NxP looks risky); 15.QxN with an unclear position. **13 . . .N-B7ch; 14.RxN, BxR; 15.P-K5, P-KN3; 16.N-K4, B-R5; 17.B-Q2, P-QN4; 18.N-B6ch.** This seemed to make the defence easier. I was more frightened of a less direct approach. **18 . . .BxN; 19.PxB, B-N2; 20.Q-R3, K-R1; 21.R-K1, QxQBP; 22.B-Q3** reaching the position of problem 146. Here I played **22 . . . QxRP.** In our post-mortem we considered this to be a mistake but in the light of readers' analyses, predominantly that of Mr J. P. Taylor, it probably isn't. Alternatives: 22 . . . Q-Q4 as I gave 23.R-K5, QxPch (. . . Q-B3?? completely overlooked 24.R-N5! when there is no defence to 25.Q-R6, R-KN1; 26.QxPch – viz 24 . . . QR-B1; 25.B-B3, P-N5; 26.Q-R6, R-KN1; 27.QxPch, KxQ; 28.R-R5mate). 24.QxQ, BxQch; 25.KxB – good for White as Black's rooks have no scope and his QP alone has little effect. 22 . . . Q-B3 and now 23.B-K4, QxB!? 24.RxQ, BxR is hard to evaluate. White can no longer achieve anything by direct attack and Black has a material advantage. However White's pieces are active and the advance KBP ties Balck down – a draw maybe? 23.R-K5, QR-B1 creates back rank threats eg 23.B-B3, P-N5; 24.R-KN5 (intending Q-R6), Q-R5! and 23.B-B3 has no threat (BxNP, QxPch) so Black can continue happily with . . .QR-B1. 22 . . .BxPch!? is a bit too dramatic. After 23.KxB, Q-Q4ch simply 24.Q-B3 leads to a good ending.



Back at the game (after . . .**QxRP**) Mestel continued with **23.Q-R6.** At the time I was more worried about 23.B-B3 (threatening BxKNP) but there are several possible defences. (a) 23 . . .P-Q3; 24.BxKNP, BPxB; 25.P-B7ch (25.P-B5 is an interesting try – NPxP? 26.P-B7ch, P-K4; 27.RxP, QxBP; 28.R-K7ch, K-N1; 29.Q-N3ch – but perhaps 25 . . .Q-Q4; 26.PxKP, K-N1 holds). 25 . . .P-K4 and now 26.PxP, RxP; 27.P-K6ch, K-N1; 28.PxRch, QxP and 26.RxP, QxBP; 27.R-K7ch, K-N1 are both unclear. (b) 23 . . .Q-Q4; 24.R-K5, QxPch; 25.QxQ, BxQch; 26.KxQ when the absence of the QRP shifts the balance of power to Black. (c) 23 . . .R-KN1; 24.R-K3, Q-R8ch; 25.B-K1 and now instead of the stupid . . .P-KR4?? (26.Q-R4-N5 mating) Black still has 25 . . .B-B6! After 26.QxB, QxP White has better chances than in the game as his pieces are coordinated, but he has no clear-cut line of play and Black's Q-side pawns soon become effective. **So 23 . . .R-KN1; 24.R-K3** thinking the threat of QxPch and R-K3 mate to be unstoppable but **24 . . .Q-R8ch; 25.B-K1, B-B6!** (incidentally 24.R-K5 is met by . . .Q-R8ch; 25.B-K1, Q-Q8) – a nice interference theme, 26.RxB, QxBch; 27.B-B1, Q-Q8 stops everything so White must capture with the pawn, blocking attack. **26.PxB, P-Q3.** Necessary in view of the threat of R-K5. If 26 . . . QR-B1; 27.R-K5, R-B4; 28.RxR, QxBch; 29.K-N2, Q-Q7ch; 30.K-N3 and now . . . Q-K8ch; 31.K-R3, Q-B7; 32.QxPch, KxQ; 33.R-R5 mate or . . . QxB; 31.R-B8! mating. There is, though, an alternative in 26 . . . Q-Q8. Mr Taylor then suggests the remarkable continuation 27.P-R4, P-Q4; 28.P-R5, P-Q5; 29.K-R2!! PxR; 30.PxP, BPxP; 31.B-B3, QR-B1; 32.P-B7ch, RxB; 33.P-B8=Q, R-B7ch; 34.BxR, QxBch drawing. **27.Q-R4?** Shocked at missing 25 . . . B-B6 White cracks. The only saving chance was 27.P-R4, QR-B1; 28.P-R5, R-B8; 29.PxP, RxBch; 30.RxR, QxRch; 31.K-N2, Q-Q7ch and either 32.K-N3, Q-K8ch or 32.K-R3, BPxP; 33.P-B7, QxB; 34.P-B8=Q, QxPch drawing. **27 . . . QxP.** Now White's pieces have lost all coordination and the initiative is firmly in Black's hands. The rest was rather one-sided. **28.R-K2, Q-Q5; 29.B-K4, QR-B1; 30.B-B2, R-B8ch; 31.K-N2, Q-B5; 32.R-Q2, P-Q4; 33.Q-R6, Q-B6 (PXB?? R-Q8); 34.R-Q3, Q-B2; 35.R-R3, PxB; 36.RxP, Q-B6; 37.PxP, QxP; 38.P-K5, Q-B4; 39.R-R3, P-N4; 40.R-KN3, P-KN5; 41.R-K3, R(B)-B1; 42.B-R4, R-N3; 43.B-B6ch, QxB; 44.R-KR3** (it had been trying to get there all game!) and White resigns.

Problem 164

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 6 February.



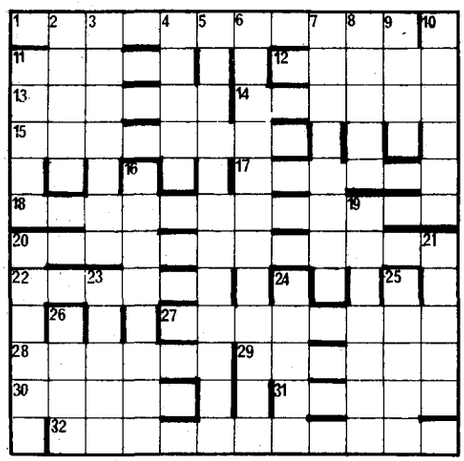
Solution to problem 162

Yes: the main line is 1.K-N3, N-N4; 2.K-B4, N-B6; 3.K-Q5! K-N4; 4.K-K4, K-N5; 5.P-B6! PxP stalemate!

Next week Tony Miles annotates his own exceptional win over World Champion Anatoly Karpov.

Salamanca 26: 'Normal'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 26, New Statesman, Great Turntile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 5 February.



Chambers 1977 is recommended but does not give the word at 27.

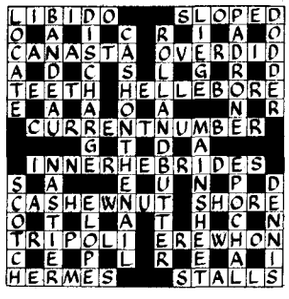
ACROSS

1 No small step for a man? Aldrin (second out) gets it right (11)
11 Dishonest, one ends crookedly (5)
12 Evacuator – water turning people inside? (5)
13 Increase in price of silver perhaps to horrify once (6)
14 Gambling-man, dreadful skier taking first run (6)
15 Like the early Christians, in adversity with time's harsh authority (8)
17 Prepare to read register of allied countries? (6)
18 Like some talents, e.g. coins that are rare, under ground buried (12)
20 Hush poor body raging once rabid (12)
22 Help in whatever manner to stop (6)
27 This describes e.g. Sinatra perhaps – mike, hat, ultimate in swagger? (8)
28 Such the ends of Juliet, Caesar, Tosca, King Franconi etc. (6)
29 Dropsy made one heartless, wicked (6)
30 Unco hols? We could see these round about (5)
31 Once vexed the ancient in sleep? (5)
32 Needing disguise in ordinary pretence (11)

DOWN

2 Could be tin moulded, sound internally (5)
3 Up in the sky – Wells wrote about this day (7)
4 Witness, if found out, is irritable (5)
5 Lantern showing treetop's confused image (12)
6 What Omar's Morning did, say, for part of building (12)
7 Mark, the currently popular gospel-writer? (8)
8 Look all right on tick that's put up (5)
9 Large runner, note, leaving uproar (4)
10 Sea-duck hastened round Lake (6)
11 Holy man as Buddha possibly? Not bad (5)
16 European blending finer butter (8)
19 Fish – and produce a shiner? (7)
20 A good many Scots have old sow to rear (6)
21 Holmes takes this instrument possibly when the game's up? (5)
23 Sun-walk? A sci-fi subject (5)
24 Conclude day with reform (5)
25 Townships from inside Messenia (5)
26 Heads particular regime of faculty (4)

Solution to No 1329



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M. Hughes (London NW3)
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APPOINTMENTS

KILBURN SKILLS BUILDING TRAINING CO-OPERATIVE

Manager — salary circa £7,000 p.a.

This Industrial Urban Aid project being set up in the London Borough of Brent is designed to cater for young people wishing to learn a useful trade in the building industry and to gain City and Guilds certification.

The Management Committee seeks to appoint a Project Manager who has business experience, preferably gained in a small firm, who understands the needs of young people and who is able to lead the team of supervisors in setting up and running this co-operative venture.

For further particulars and application form write to **Max Airey, Secretary to the Management Committee, Brent Town Hall, Forty Lane, Wembley, Middx HA9 9HX.**

London Borough of
BRENT

Research Leader

£5,370 - £6,273 inc.
(Subject to comparability award)

To conduct a research project into the use, value, effect and impact of books and other printed materials in the London Borough of Wandsworth.

Wandsworth Public Libraries have been awarded a grant by the British National Bibliography Research Fund. The project will start around April 1980 and last for 15 months. Research techniques will include a sample survey, attitude interviews and practical tests. The person appointed will be efficient, creative and imaginative and preferably have knowledge of social psychology. Secondment will be negotiated if required. For informal discussion about this major project telephone John Wright (Project Head) on 01-228 3474. Full details and application form from Personnel Section, Recreation Department, Town Hall, Battersea, London SW11. (01-223 9311). Closes 20 February.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
Wandsworth

NALGO

requires an
Assistant Research Officer

to work in the Research Section responsible for economic/social policy development and provision of information and advisory services to negotiators.
The successful candidate will be expected to contribute to all aspects of the Section's work but initially to work on the Health Service and new technology. Some knowledge or experience in either or both fields is therefore essential.
Appropriate degree an advantage but a sound knowledge of contemporary economic and industrial relations issues and some statistical ability will be required. Experience in handling collective bargaining materials and terms and conditions of employment in the public sector highly desirable.
Salary £7,386 - £8,061 per annum.
Minimum of 26 days annual leave and 13 Public Holidays.
Application forms and further particulars from the **General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.**
Closing date for receipt of applications **13 February 1980.**

DUNSTABLE UNIT FOR WORKING ADOLESCENTS

NCH

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT

The Deputy will be part of a team of seven and will be required to assist in all administrative duties and take full responsibility in the absence of the Superintendent. We are primarily looking for people with experience of working with adolescents, but an appropriate qualification would be CQSW, CSS or CRCCYP.

Salary for Deputy Superintendent is scale RCCO 4 (£4,644-£5,067, to £5,382 if qualified). Please quote reference DS-D/1/80 (Dept NST).

CARE STAFF

are also required for this adolescent unit soon to be opened in Dunstable. Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience. Because of the nature of this post we are seeking staff with a minimum age of 23 years. Please quote reference CS-D/1/80 (Dept NST).

The unit will accommodate twelve adolescents, mainly of the 16 plus age group, in an exciting new venture to help adolescents work towards independence in coping with day to day life.

There is the possibility of staff accommodation being provided.

NCH looks for members of staff who are seeking to express in their job a commitment to Christ's way of life and who are ready to learn with others what it means to be a Christian in Social Work.

Please write for application form to Mr M. A. Booth, Regional Director of Social Work, London and NCH Regional Office, Ambrose Lane, Harpenden, Herts AL5 4BX (stating appropriate reference) or telephone (05827) 4688/9 direct.

UNA INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Field Officers required for the development and administration of volunteer programmes in Brazil and Mali. Overseas experience and linguistic ability essential. Volunteer terms of service.

Documentalist with good understanding of development problems in Latin America to work in Sao Paulo.

Posts are for 2 years on volunteer terms (modest allowance, grants and travel). Language training and orientation provided. Further details/application form from **UNA International Service, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1A 2EL.**

LABOUR WEEKLY

The Labour Party's own newspaper requires

a Deputy Editor

The successful applicant will be part of a strong writing team and will assist the Editor in the preparation and production of the paper each week. He/she will act for the Editor in his absence and will edit the paper when he is on holiday. Applicants should have **wide** journalistic experience, preferably including work on a daily newspaper, and also have a good knowledge of the Labour Movement.

Salary: £6,560-£7,165 p.a., dependent on appropriate experience in a similar capacity. (Salaries and conditions are reviewed annually from 1 May).

Application forms and conditions of employment can be obtained from:
The Administrative and Personnel Officer,
The Labour Party, Transport House,
Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA,
telephone 01-834 9434,

and should be returned by not later than **Monday, 4 February 1980.**

Further details of the responsibilities attached to this post may be obtained from **the Editor, Donald Ross, on 834 9434.**

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cambridge Educational

Commissioning Editor

The School and Further Education section of Cambridge University Press is looking for an Editor to undertake the development of its Geography list and to develop its publishing in a number of subjects for the 16-19 age group.

Qualifications: either at least 3 years' relevant editorial experience and/or teaching in Further Education or Sixth Form College. This post offers scope for initiative and new ideas, and the chance to work in an expanding area of the Press's publishing.

Salary will be on a scale from £5,595 - £7,791. Four weeks annual holiday.

Please write giving full details of education and experience to:

Mrs Jenny Jullien,
Personnel Manager,
Cambridge University Press,
P.O. Box 110,
Cambridge CB2 3RL

Independent Television announces the 20th year of the Regional Theatre Trainee Director Scheme

The scheme offers a two year course to men and women between the ages of 20 and 26 who wish to make a career as Theatre Directors.
Experience in professional or other types of theatre will be an advantage.
There will be three vacancies in leading regional theatres.

REGIONAL THEATRE TRAINEE DIRECTOR SCHEME

Interviews will take place in London during the weeks of 17th and 24th March and successful candidates must be prepared to take up their appointments in the Autumn or earlier. Application forms are available from the address below for completion and return by Wednesday 13th February. Use First Class Mail.

RTTDS · Grateley · Andover · Hampshire SP11 8JP

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

SWAYLANDS RESIDENTIAL BOYS' SCHOOL, PENSHURST, KENT

Residential Children's Supervisor

(Grade RCCO1)

single person required to be responsible for the care and welfare of small group of boys, out of school hours. Interesting work at residential school for educationally handicapped underprivileged boys. Opportunities to develop own interests within a forward looking community. School delightfully situated, good accommodation, generous holidays. Salary within range of £2,901 per annum-£3,585 per annum, age 18 years and over. Additional £171 per annum for recognised qualifications. Commencing salary according to age and experience. A deduction of £546 per annum including VAT will be made for board and lodging charges. Superannuable post subject to medical assessment and probationary service. Prescribed conditions.
Application form from **Mr K. P. Hyde, Head Teacher, Swaylands School, Penshurst, Tonbridge, Kent T11 8AU.** ADM/S/566.

SCHOOLS COUNCIL PUBLICATIONS

Book Editor

Qualifications: editorial publishing experience, especially technical/educational/academic books. Writing experience and production knowledge useful.

Salary scale: £4,250 to £5,700 plus £780 London Weighting. Non-contributory pension scheme available.

Further information and application form from **Mrs M. Tew, (NS), Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext 351.** Final date for receipt of applications: **Friday 15 February 1980.**

NCCL Needs

1. Legal Department Secretary

We are looking for someone with fast, accurate audio- and copy-typing (50 wpm minimum); administrative/secretarial experience; and interest in civil liberties.

2. Gay Rights Officer

This is a new appointment for 18 months. The officer will be responsible for carrying out NCCL's developing gay rights programme. Must be able to do own typing. Previous experience in a relevant field essential (e.g. campaigning, legal, media).

Both jobs are full-time. Salary £4,160 p.a. (under review). 4 weeks holiday; LVs.

Further details + application forms from: **National Council for Civil Liberties, 186 Kings Cross Road, London WC1X 9DE. (01-278 4575).** Closing date **Monday 11 February.**

THE CIVIL SERVICE UNION

has a vacancy for an

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Salary, taking account of age and experience will rise from £7,630-£12,030.

Application form and further information from:
The General Secretary, (AS), 5 Praed Street, London W2 1NJ.

Closing date for return of application form:
first post, **TUESDAY, 4 MARCH 1980.**

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GRANADA TELEVISION LIMITED

Granada has vacancies for

Current Affairs Producer/ Directors

primarily in Manchester but also possibly in London.

We are looking for experienced men and women with a proven track record.

Letter with full cv and list of credits should reach us by Monday 4th February and should be addressed to:

David Boulton
Head of Current Affairs
Granada Television Ltd
Manchester M60 9EA.

Applications are welcome from Both Men and Women

GRANADA TELEVISION LIMITED

Journalists

We are looking for journalists to work on our newsdesk servicing the lunchtime news bulletin and Granada Reports—our daily regional news magazine programme. The right people will be practising journalists, preferably with TV and/or radio experience, able to demonstrate flair and enthusiasm for new treatments of all aspects of television news.

Initial appointments will be on a 6 month contract in accordance with the revised NUJ scales.

Apply by letter, enclosing your curriculum vitae, to:

Robert Connell
Granada Television Limited
Quay Street
Manchester M60 9EA

to arrive by Monday 4th February

Applications are welcome from Both Men and Women

National Society for Autistic Children
Overcliffe House, Gravesend

Officer in Charge

of this new community home for very small number autistic school leavers — with possibility limited expansion. Scheduled opening September, 1980. 50 week year. 40 hour week. A rewarding pioneering post for the right applicant. Personal qualities more important than qualifications or experience. High staff ratio. Small but self contained accommodation available for one person (or couple) or may live out.

NJC Scale, conditions and holiday allowance.

Further details obtainable on request from:

The Helen Allison School, 29 Overcliffe, Gravesend, Kent DA11 0EH.

Assistant Secretary

to the

FAUNA PRESERVATION SOCIETY

All round office experience and good typing essential. Shorthand an advantage. Apply in writing with c.v. and current salary to: **John A. Burton, Executive Secretary, FPS, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London NW1 4RY.**

COPY TYPIST with UK education, preferably non-smoker, required for work on historians' manuscripts. Hours by arrangement. University salary. Apply to Mrs Norris, 34 Tavistock Square, London WC1 or phone 636 0272 ex. 21.

OV SELECTION has several vacancies in the publishing field for well educated and ambitious secretaries. Good typing but s/h not necessary. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Rd (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS

Applications are invited from the Graduates of the University of London for the following Studentships for full-time research in any subject.

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIPS

(£2,250, plus fees, for two years)

Applicants with a first degree of the University must have graduated not more than three years previously; applicants with a Master's degree of the University must have obtained their first degree not more than four years previously.

Further details may be obtained from the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU, to whom applications must be returned by 1 March 1980.

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

have the following vacancies in their modern offices close to Clapham North Tube Station.

SECRETARY/PA

required by the head of the editorial division publishing art and illustrated books. Stimulating position with a key role in the organisation of international co-editions.
Normal secretarial skills required together with energy and enthusiasm.

SECRETARY

required for Director of Foreign and Subsidiary Rights Department. Good secretarial skills required together with ability to work on own initiative. Previous experience in a Rights Department an advantage.
Please apply:

Company Secretary
GEORGE WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON LIMITED
91 Clapham High Street
London SW4 7TA

SMALL PUBLISHER

seeks

energetic reliable person

to run WC2 office. Typing essential, should have some editorial skills and be interested in publicity. Please write giving details and approximate salary required:
BOX 7530

STELLA FISHER BUREAU: Secretarial skills are in demand. Be well placed by Stella Fisher whether graduate, 'A', 'O' level or mature TOPS retrainer. Introductions to Publishers, Social Welfare Bodies, the Media as well as to Commerce, the Professions and the Arts. Stella Fisher Bureau (Emp. Agy), 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644. (Opp. Strand Palace Hotel). Please ring for Sat. a.m. appts.

LABOUR MP seeks secretarial assistance. Approximately 24 hours a week. Box 7485.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

WYCHWOOD GIRLS SCHOOL, Oxford. 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J. E. Schuller MA.

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GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

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Burroughs

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Salary up to £3,850 basic. Plus commission. Plus car.

If you are between 23-25 with a good degree and you wish to enter a sales career selling our new range of office products, we will train and locate you in a key territory. Excellent promotional prospects.

Apply: **Mr. B. J. Currie, General Manager, Burroughs Machines Ltd., Chamberlain Road, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. Telephone: Aylesbury (0296) 23451.**

Research Assistant

Economics graduate or equivalently experienced person required for the Research Department of the TGWU. Macro-economic interests, willingness to undertake industry specialisation and proven administrative skills an advantage. Some T.U. or related experience preferred.

Salary £6,030 p.a.

Re-applications for recently advertised but different post welcomed.

Applications including c.v. by **31 January to Mr. S. Forty, Administrative Officer, Transport & General Workers Union, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JB.**

Financial

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

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NW COAST IRELAND. 20 roomed house, with 2 acres land, £50,000. Also 4 sturdy, 3 roomed, island cottages, each with 10 acres land, £7,000 each. Will sell together or separately. Write: Atlantis (STAT), Burtonport, Co. Donegal, Eire.

Accom. Vacant

CHELSEA: single bed-sit., all mod. cons. £15 p.w. Tel. 01-352 7552.

N1 FLAT, suit couple, 6 months let £160 p.c.m. Tel. 01-607 5822.

Poetry

POETRY PRIZES £200 — Michael Johnson Poetry Comp. Forms s.a.e. Ver Poets (NS), 61 Chiswell Green Lane, St Albans, AL2 3AG.

Entertainment

SCORPIO — Discos and groups for every party. 01-363 1480/01-366 4380.

Personal

WORMWOOD SCRUBS. A Public Meeting convened by PROP (the National Prisoners' Movement) Tues. 29 Jan. 6.30 p.m. at Caxton Hall, London SW1, to unite calls for a Public Inquiry into what happened at Wormwood Scrubs on 31 Aug. Chairman: John Platts-Mills QC; speakers include Alex Lyon MP, Robert Kilroy-Silk MP and Alastair Logan, Solicitor.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

MALE, just retired, seeks lady with literary inclinations, interesting work. Box 7490.

INDEPENDENT TV PRODUCER WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM ANYONE WITH INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF

HITLER'S SS

BEFORE DURING AND AFTER WORLD WAR II FOR DOCUMENTARY FILM.

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N. W. London readers only, please

RALPH MENC CHOIR. Small informal choir with varied repertoire from madrigals to modern day, requires members. 'Auditions' Mon. 28 Jan. & 4 Feb. 7 p.m. 9 p.m., Panel Room, Collegiate Theatre, Gordon Street, WC1.

WANTED: small room as 'love nest' for weekly/twice weekly, evening/overnight visits. Greater (North) London or South Herts area. £3-4 per week. Box 7442.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

WOMAN PAINTER, 45, seeks male friend to work with. Hampshire area. Accommodation available. Box 7537.

MIDDLE-AGED DOCTOR seeks congenial lady travelling companion, extensive USA motor tour, starting soon. Box 7522.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, 28, would like to meet a single lady, for serious relationship/marriage. Interests: literature, music, travel, theatre, cinema. Box 7370.

CULTURED, 28-year-old, Irish woman. Graduate, warm, intelligent. Interests include music, literature, theatre, country walks. Would like to hear from gentleman with similar interests. View: Friendship and companionship, possibly serious relationship. Box 7518.

ATTRACTIVE, professional woman, slim, feminine, would like to meet male counterpart, fiftyish, enjoying cultural pursuits, travel etc. North West area. Box 7424.

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCÉE, central London (45), blonde, warm-hearted, optimistic in spite of everything, has a lot to offer the right man. Longs to meet him (hopefully cultured 50ish) to share life, loving, laughing, arguing, music and all joys and tribulations. Box 7540.

IF YOU'RE FIFTY ODD and free, intelligently alive and looking for a stylish, mature woman looking for a spirited relationship, write soon. Box 7539.

34 YEARS OLD, ATTRACTIVE, socialist woman, wishes to meet lively male, up to 40. Box 7538.

GRADUATE EXECUTIVE, 39, seeks attractive female, 25-39, possible working Heathrow/Gatwick or other interesting work. Must like countryside, animals. Box 7520.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN with three teenage children, intd reading, theatre, films, music etc, sks companionship. Box 7544.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, prof, woman, 40, London-based, interested in art, music, history and human nature, sks warm caring relationship with unatt. man. Box 7556.

WRITING TO EARN

Scripts and stories are required for picture-story magazines. Writers, with or without experience, are invited to send postcards for details to:

Children's Papers Editors, D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., Dundee DD1 9QJ.

LIVELY, attractive brunette, into arts, seeks professional man of integrity, imagination, 34+. Box 7512.

ATTRACTIVE writer/mother, early 30s, seeks sincere, warm, intellectual gentleman, 40s/50s, interested arts. Box 7513.

LONDON BUSINESSMAN, 49, 6' 0" tall, returning from abroad in February, seeking cultured, expressive lady, for lasting friendship or marriage. Box 7498.

MALE DIVORCÉ, early 40s, ex-academic, tall, presentable, London. Interests: cultural, sport, walking, travel. Heartily sick of dolly birds, seeks company of intellectually alive, attractive woman, 30/40ish, with sense of humour. Reply Box 7466.

ENGLISH MALE convert to Islam, aged 50, seeks unmarried, widowed or divorced Muslim lady, for marriage. Box 7547.

HAVING BEEN SO OFTEN disappointed, I wonder if there really is someone with whom I can have a mutually loving relationship. I am 33, warm, bright, attractive, a highly qualified, professional woman, single, with a child. I enjoy music and the countryside. Is there a man, with/without young children, who has had similar bad luck, who is, nevertheless, hoping for a change of fortune? Box 7425.

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION is to find my younger sister a husband. She is 29, works as an infant teacher, is very pretty, home-loving and demanding. She needs a traditional, competent man with some flair. Box 7423.

WORLD-TRAVELLED BUSINESSMAN and designer (*recently made an important tech.* development), single, early forties, slim, 5'9", perceptive, presentable, adaptable and easy-to-know, with various cultural interests. Owing to political upheaval lost foreign investments. Would like to meet a wealthy lady or successful business woman, with or without children, who would welcome the challenge of a shared outward looking future based on mutual respect, tolerance, concern. Box 7514.

SE LONDON. Warm, attractive, intelligent lady, 42, div., leading a busy and pleasant life, always happy and interested in many things, seeks gentleman, for mutually sustaining friendship. Box 7515.

UNIVERSITY TEACHER, 51, tall, dark and divorced, looking for single unattached woman, preferably in her thirties, with whom to enjoy theatre, music and conversation. Oxford or thereabouts. Box 7503.

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For information phone London 359 7656/6703, Glasgow 221 1090, Manchester 834 8964.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

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RAPPORT is the intelligent person's introduction service. Enjoy unlimited introductions, rewarding new friendships, informal gatherings, excursions, expeditions and exciting holidays — now. Rapport is for outstanding people of all ages, all inclinations, everywhere. Rapport is unique. Details: S.a.e. to Rapport, Dept 2E, P.O. Box 94, Oxford.

'EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometime'. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier Marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

FAMILY PLANNING: Choose from our FPA-approved range. 13 sheath sampler £1.00; 48 Gossamer £4.40; 48 Nu Form Extra Safe £4.99; 40 Forget Me Not £3.49; Round Pound parcel (6 brands, 55 sheaths, £6.80 value) £5.00. Full details and free expert's guide with your first order. Dept. NSN22, F.P. Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

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Theatre

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404). Recorded booking info 836 5332. Low price previews 'The Greeks'. Ten Greek plays given as a trilogy. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at the Warehouse in Brecht's 'Caucasian Chalk Circle', premiere Barrie Keeffe's 'Bastard Angel' (not suitable for children) and at Wyndham's Theatre in Pam Gems' 'Piaf'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Nimrod Theatre of Australia presents 'The Club' by David Williamson, dir. John Bell. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30.

NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'Amadeus', 'Undiscovered Country', 'Death of A Salesman', 'The Long Voyage Home', 'Hughie'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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ARTS THEATRE
(01)836 3334/2132

Meetings

GRESHAM LECTURES IN DIVINITY

WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT JESUS OF NAZARETH?

by Professor G. Stanton

3 one-hour lectures at The City University
Northampton Square, London EC1
at 1 p.m.
28 January, 4 and 11 February
ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 29 Jan. 'Dating Rocks by Ammonites' by Professor D. T. Donovan; 31 Jan. 'Diseases of Crop Plants: New Methods to Solve Old Problems' by Dr R. N. Strange.

EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY, Strasbourg: depart Air France Heathrow 6.55 p.m. 11 Feb. Return 7.45 a.m. 14 Feb. B&B Hotel Ibis. Director Jenny Little. Meet Roy Jenkins, Willy Brandt, Barbara Castle, Commission of Human Rights. Cost £47 (£52 non-Fabians). Send full amount to Peter O'Connell, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01-720 5435.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 29 Jan. 7.30 Moholy-Nagy Talks: Stephen Bayley 'Photography and the Future of Art', 80p, 930 3647; 31 Jan. 1.00 New Fiction: a discussion with Sebastian Faulks, Giles Gordon, Ion Trewin, Desmond Hogan and Matthew Hoffman, 80p, 930 3647.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 27 Jan. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting 'Psychic Laws and Phenomena'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2.

TOWARDS SELF-REALISATION

Free Public Lectures on Theosophy
Sunday 27 January 1980 at 7 p.m.
ABOUT MEDITATION
Mrs Madge Hooper
The Theosophical Society in England
50 Gloucester Place, London
W1H 3HJ
Tel: 01-935 9261
All welcome. Refreshments before and after lectures.

AGAINST JURY-VETTING

Sponsored by the National Council For Civil Liberties, the Legal Action Group, The Society Of Labour Lawyers, The Society Of Liberal Lawyers, The Haldane Society, The Labour Campaign For Criminal Justice. **Meeting on Monday 28 January at 7 p.m. at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1 — entrance free.**

Speakers: **ALF DUBS MP, LORD HUTCHINSON QC, PATRICIA HEWITT, EDWARD THOMPSON.**

For further details, please contact: **Harriet Harman at the NCCL, 186 King's Cross Rd, London WC1.**
Tel: 01-278 4575.

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Courses

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EVENING CLASS IN

Translation (translation and discussion of press articles concerning current events) every Wednesday evening 6.30-8.30 p.m. £30 for 16 weeks. (Standard of 'A' Level French required). Registration 30 Jan to 8 Feb. Course commences 20 February.

Details:
14 Cromwell Place, SW7 2JR.
(s.a.e.)
Tel: office hours 11.30-12.30 and 3.30-8.30 01-589 6211 (ext. 45).

CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE
Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE12 5QR.
Tel: East Leake 2333.
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University Diploma

Applications invited for session beginning October 1980. Two year course for University of Nottingham Diploma in Political, Economic and Social Studies. Evidence sought of interest and ability rather than formal qualifications. Full grants available on acceptance for course. Full information from and applications to **Director of Studies by 12 May 1980.**

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